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HOMES OF THE PASSING SHOW



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HOMES

OF THE

PASSING SHOW.

Sketches written by

BEATTY KINGSTON, ROBERT HICHENS, ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL, COLONEL NEWNHAM DAVIS, MRS. HUMPHRY (Madge of "Truth"), JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, HORACE TOWNSEND (of the "Studio"), and others.

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[1] NOTE.—This article has previously appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and is reproduced by kind permission of the Editor and of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell. The article signed W.C.K.W. has also previously appeared; but all the other articles have been specially written for this little book.

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HOMES
OF THE
PASSING
SHOW

HOMES OF THE PASSING SHOW.

Public Dinners.

By ROBERT HICHENS.

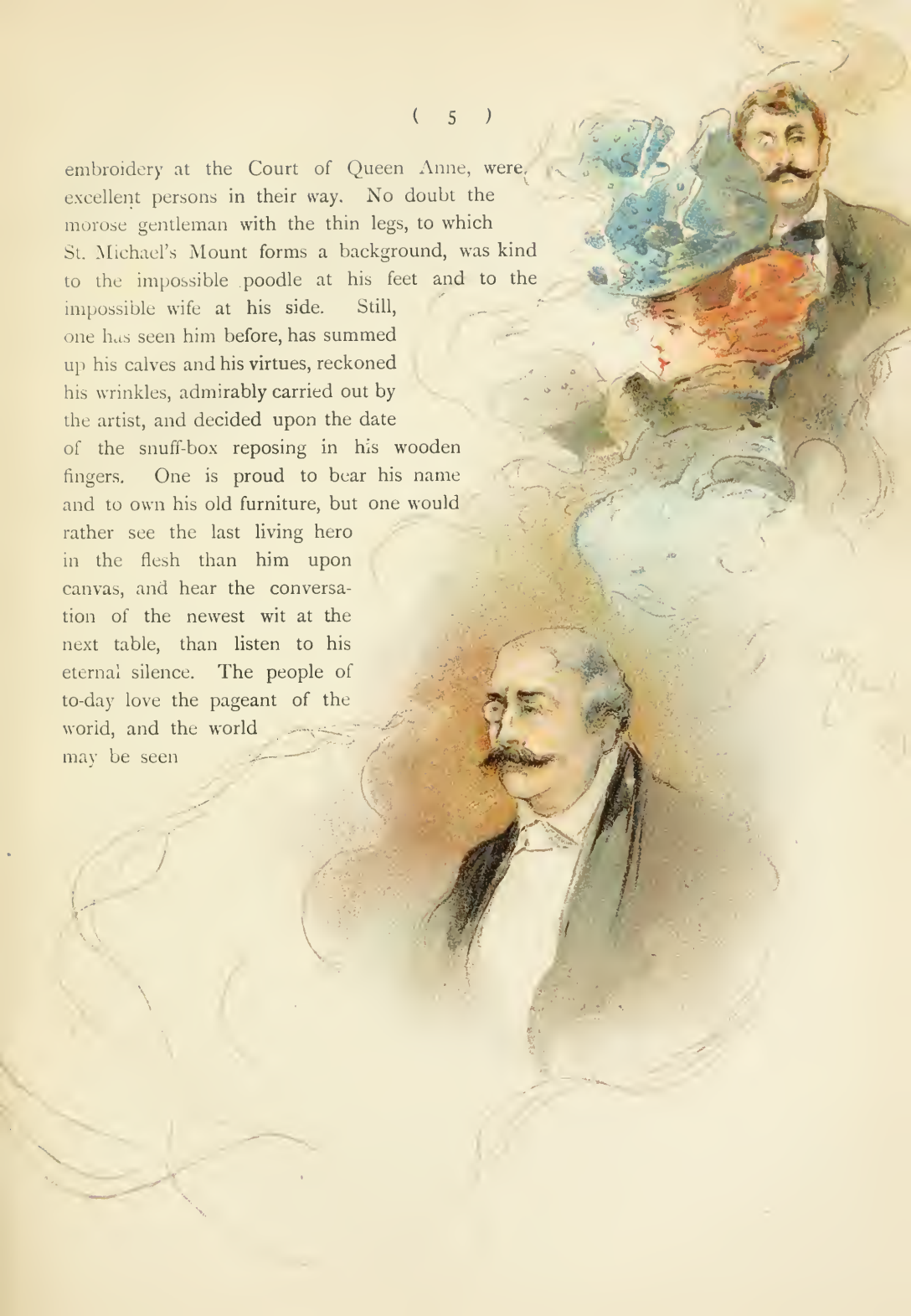
NOTHING on earth is, to me, much more intolerable than what your man of many words, your speech-making monstrosity, knows by the name of a public dinner. To him such a function signifies one thing, and one thing only: an orgie of inordinate feeding, instantly succeeded by an orgie of inordinate monologues, real turtle followed by real twaddle, venison giving place to vain platitudes, the loving cup tottering from hand to hand as a signal to plethoric officialdom that the era of stammer about the Royal Family, and bad grammar about the Army and Navy, is at hand, while four unfortunate persons are, more often than not, ushered in from some secret place to pipe and trill "O who will o'er the Downs?" to an assemblage that can only think of active exercise as an invention of the Devil, and of any downs whatever as things to be gazed on from afar by the glazed eyes of men who can never hope to play a game of golf or to "give the dogs a run" again. At such public dinners as these Death often sits, I feel convinced. They clear the crowd from behind the door at which the younger generation is so diligently knocking.

But there is another sort of public dinner, which is a very different matter. It does not always begin with real turtle, and the loving cup does not circle to set bald heads heavily bowing during its progress. Its end is not made ridiculous by elderly generals searching for military puns, or by genial Aldermen declaring that the Mansion House is the bulwark of our liberties, and the Bank—where the omnibuses stop—the prop and mainstay of the Anglo-Saxon race. It does not begin too early or end too late. It is a dinner gay with flowers and gay with conversation, soothed by the strains of carefully withdrawn violins, and ministered to by human beings whose gait is not eloquent of flat-footed affliction, and who do not look upon china as a means of impromptu musical performances of a barbaric nature, combined with that form of ineffective juggling which wreathes the heads of the guests with unexpected asparagus, or obliges them to "strike out" for a place of safety through an undesired ocean of white sauce.

The restaurant dinner, long so popular in Paris, is at last becoming as popular in London, and even the owners of charming houses, and the possessors of divine cooks, desert their homes to entertain their friends in public, and fare forth to seek the gaiety and the distraction attendant upon those public feasts which need terrify neither the digestion nor the brain. Of course there exist, and will always exist, persons of a serious cast of thought—the frivolous name them fogies—who prefer to swallow in seclusion, and who consider that the hum and twinkle of distant violoncellos and violins obscure the alertness of the palate and slay the serenity of the mind. These individuals are apt to suppose that a public dinner, of whatever kind, must closely resemble the banquet of the invalids described by Zola in "Lourdes," and are lost in astonishment at the modern restlessness which leads so many of us to give our cooks a quiet evening over the "Family Herald," while we flutter from the Savoy to Claridge's, intent upon the satisfaction of the ear and eye, as well as upon the satisfaction of the appetite. They call the smallest restaurant a caravanserai, and the most soothing quartet of strings a brass band. And, sitting quietly at home, not wholly free from a haunting sensation of being "out of it," they predict the end of the world and the speedy destruction of this generation of diners in public.

The diners in public don't much care. They find it entertaining to exchange the usually small private dining room for a large and lofty apartment, carefully lighted and admirably ventilated. They enjoy the murmur of the music prompting them to talk. Above all, they are amused by the vision of the world, which fills their eyes more satisfactorily than the ancestors in oils at home. No doubt the staring hero who fought at Waterloo, the simpering damsel who played with her

embroidery at the Court of Queen Anne, were excellent persons in their way. No doubt the morose gentleman with the thin legs, to which St. Michael's Mount forms a background, was kind to the impossible poodle at his feet and to the impossible wife at his side. Still, one has seen him before, has summed up his calves and his virtues, reckoned his wrinkles, admirably carried out by the artist, and decided upon the date of the snuff-box reposing in his wooden fingers. One is proud to bear his name and to own his old furniture, but one would rather see the last living hero in the flesh than him upon canvas, and hear the conversation of the newest wit at the next table, than listen to his eternal silence. The people of to-day love the pageant of the world, and the world may be seen



looking its best when it is dining, after the soup has stolen its fatigue and before the liqueurs have flushed its cheeks. For the man who is not genial towards the end of a good dinner is probably never genial at all; and the woman who can't be lively over an ice soufflet, or sweet after a glass of dry champagne, can scarcely possess the happy capacity for persiflage, or the feminine gift of fascination. Dinner is a delightful fact, and it is also a fact that delightful people are most delightful at dinner.

There are men and women who can be brilliant or entertaining anywhere, even in a bathing machine or a four-wheeler. Unfortunately they are rare birds. Most of us require a certain amount of assistance to enable us to be amusing, witty, and gay. Place us among the ancestors in oils, in the small private dining room, and we are a little dull. The poodle and St. Michael's Mount do not prompt us to our best *bon mot*. The impossible wife, the wrinkles, and the snuff box do not elicit our latent powers of anecdote and of repartee. But when we dine in public, when we find ourselves surrounded by a gay universe intent upon entrées and intercourse, when we hear delicious fiddles playing Délibes and have a world of conversational material spread out before us—in our neighbours, where is the limit to our enchanted chatter? The sight of the fascinating actress, wearing her hair in indiscreet bandeaux, at the next table but one, reminds us of that capital story about a European monarch; the profile of the politician, who is trying to find definite sustenance in the minute body of the hot quail, on the left, jogs our memory of a passage in his early career which we, at least, shall not willingly let die. All about us there is a sparkle of talk which acts upon us like an electric battery. The great room is full of mental emanations which are as bellows waking the slumbering fires of our souls. Scarcely knowing why, we grow lively, we feel elated. In the distance we catch sight of friends looking hilarious, and we are disposed to emulate them. Why should they have the monopoly of the evening's gaiety? We arm our wits for the fray, and this arming is no longer an effort. On the contrary, it has become a pleasure. In a crowd, self-consciousness flies. Small rooms, small companies, are apt to foster it, unless the gathering be a closely intimate one. The laugh that is conspicuous in a private house is no more than a smile in a smart restaurant, and if a jest is feeble or a story rather lacking in point, the fiddles are very kind and hide the rags, or even turn them into a semblance of brocade.

The extraordinary person, the wit of the very first water, the profound philosopher, the passionate seeker after knowledge, the romantic dreamer, these may find their happiest hunting ground within narrow walls and a strictly limited

circle. For them should be arranged a carefully chosen "octave." Rogers would probably as soon have turned somersaults as have given his good things to a restaurant audience, or told his bitterly flavoured anecdotes, with their "sharp sauce," to an accompaniment by Mascagni or a Hungarian Waltz. But the world is mainly composed of ordinary people, to whom conversation is a distraction rather than a study, and who scarcely desire that their sayings shall be carefully recorded, or the play of their vagrant thoughts be busily noted down. Some of us converse, a few—modern Coleridges—hold forth, most of us merely chatter. And nowhere can chatter be more facile and more agreeable than at these modern public dinners. They are growing, and they will doubtless grow, in favour. They are beloved of women, for women love to stand at the edge of a parterre of gowns, to note and to compare the various cuts and colours, to make sure, rapturously, that they are holding their own in the great and sedulous competition of fashion. They are enjoyed by men, for men delight to see pretty women; and even the old fogies find a fearful pleasure in them now and then, when they are lured from the chimney corner to the corner table behind the glass screen, where one can see the pageant without being too conspicuous oneself. Of course they say they can't eat in the midst of such a bustle, but somehow the remark only comes at the end of dinner, over the black coffee. It would be impolite to point out that they have forced themselves to ply "a very good knife and fork," and to make short work of some seven courses. Still there is the fact, shocking as it may seem.

To tell the truth, bustle, of an ordered, a refined, a carefully-thought-out kind, has become almost a necessity of the race. Only the rare spirits object to it. Most of us are like the happy heroine of the old novel, who loved nothing so well as to pass a morning "in pleasant bustle and shopping." But we carry the pleasant bustle on into our evenings, and leave out the shopping. We can obtain occasional necessary quiet in the country, or in foreign towns, on the banks of old Nile, in the sunny desert at Biskra, in the Swiss valleys, or among the hoary Scotch mountains. In London we want to see our neighbours and the notorieties of the day. We want to hear the last good thing and the last gay waltz, to note the very latest fashion, and—low be it spoken—to know just a little about the most recent scandal. We do! We may deny it, we may protest, we may call the gods to witness—but we do. And so we enjoy, with an ever-increasing pleasure, the life of the restaurant, where quick gossip swims up under the shaded electric lights, where the genial existence of the huge city is set to music and to laughter, where we can forget for awhile our cares among the flowers, and can realise that we are all a great brotherhood. For when does man most truly feel, in the depths of his soul, that he is but a member of a

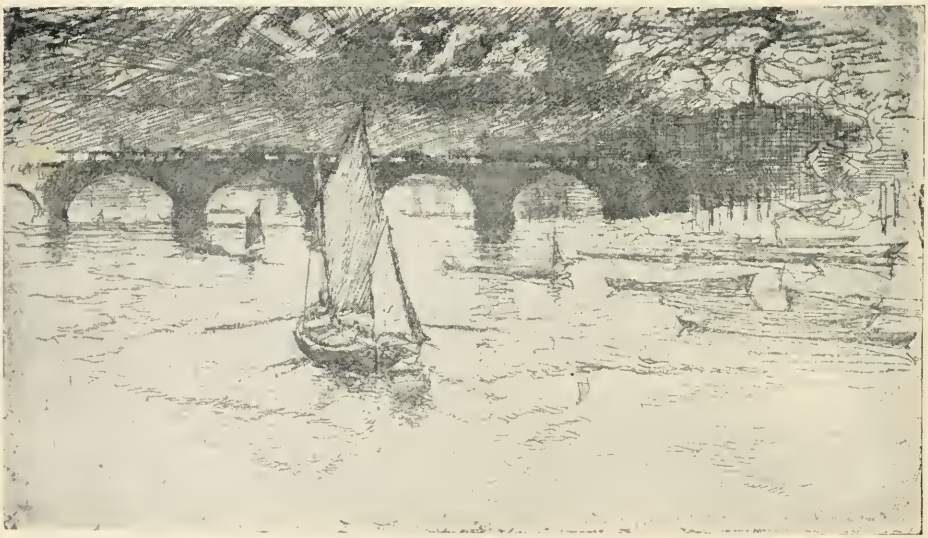
mighty family? Some will say in heroic moments, on a battle-field; or in frigid moments, among the petrified assembly gathered round the comic papers in the dentist's waiting-room; or in pious moments, shrouded in the shadows of some mighty cathedral, while the distant organ sings like some mysterious eternal voice. It would be nearer the point to say when he is dining in the midst of other diners. A good dinner is a marvellous link between man and man, let the vegetarians say what they will. Friendship is not meant to be baptised with water, nor fidelity pledged over a mess of lentils. We are exquisitely human although we may not wish it. And the restaurant is the temple of humanity, where we fall before the shrine of the chef, and offer up the incense of an honest devotion at the altar of the *cordon bleu*.

Out of Our Window.*

By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.
WITH DRAWINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

(Extracts from an article that appeared in the "Pall Mall Magazine," reprinted by kind permission of the EDITOR *and of* MRS. PENNELL.)

THERE are some millions of windows in London, and yet only a very few are worth living behind always or looking out of daily. Where would be the gaiety in staring for ever upon Bayswater or Bloomsbury mediocrity? I would as lief engage rooms in Holloway Jail as in eligible mansions where half the windows command a blank wall or, at the best, a dreary court.



WATERLOO BRIDGE.
From an etching published by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.
Reproduced by kind permission of MR. JOSEPH PENNELL.

* The window in question is some few yards west of the Savoy Hotel, and the view from it and that from the Savoy are almost identical.

St. John's Wood gardens, though pretty, always seem to play at being country. And, to my mind, there is not much to choose between Kensington and Brixton, between Belgravia and Southwark, so hopeless are all in their monotony.

When we go to see our friends who live in these parts, perhaps we like them the better because their windows are insignificant and dull, their rooms never looking so well as when curtains are drawn; while for us, on the contrary, our window and its world suffice. From it we see the Thames, where it takes its great swing past Somerset House and the Temple; we see the red-sailed barges slouching down with the tide and the penny steamboats working up against it; we see the dome and towers of St. Paul's, and all the spires of Wren's city, and even, though more vaguely, Lambeth Palace and Westminster lights above Charing Cross Bridge. "Ah, such a life, such a life, as we lead at the window here!" All day there is something to see; all evening and all night the river holds for us its private view of nocturnes.

* * * * * * * * *

Other men there have been in other days who thought our window theirs, though we know that they but held it in trust for us. Bacon, I suppose, fancied the site specially designed for him when, in the summer time, the breeze brought through his window, as it brings to us through ours, the smell of the sea and of ships, "that earnest of romance," and when, in winter, he looked up from his work to watch, as we watch them now, the gulls passing in a white flight. Buckingham, I have no doubt, was equally convinced that the riverside just here was created but for his orgies, though the cats of the neighbourhood, led by our unprincipled James Jn., are as certain that his water gate was built solely for their midnight revels. Pepys little dreamed that he was but preparing the way for us when he set up his library in the York House that Canaletto drew from the river with James's water gate in the foreground. The windows of York House came down in the course of time—as it was always meant that they should—to give place to ours; then, not long after, Etty amiably established himself as caretaker, and devoted himself to our window as faithfully as if it had been really his.

* * * * * * * * *

Often I wonder of what use eyes were to artists in Etty's time. During the long period when he took care of our window three generations of painters, his friends and followers, must have looked from it. But how many were impressed by the river's loveliness? What charm had it for Fuseli or Sir Thomas Lawrence?



OUR TREE.

By Joseph Pennell.

Reproduced by permission of the Editor of the "Pall Mall Magazine."

Turner, it is true, knew and said there was finer scenery on the Thames than on any river in Italy, and, if he could, he would have taken our window from Etty, and it would have become for evermore the shrine of the Ruskinite. In our rooms Constable, too, we like to think (and we are careful not to consult dates), must first have been inspired to paint his Waterloo Bridge. But of the next generation, of the younger men, Maclise, Palmer, Calvert, who came to drink tea, eat muffins, and talk shop with Etty, was there one who remembered to look from the window, or, if he did, could see the picture it framed?

* * * * * * * * *

Not until our own time, not until the coming of Mr. Whistler and Mr. Henley, was the poetry of the Thames discovered, were its Nocturnes painted, its Voluntaries sung. And yet, sometimes now, people who envy us sigh as they



BARGES COMING UP WITH THE TIDE.

(From an etching published by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.)
Reproduced by kind permission of MR. JOSEPH PENNELL.



ST. PAUL'S ON A SPRING DAY.

By Joseph Pennell.

Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of the "Pall Mall Magazine."

look out of our window and remind us of what it must have been in Etty's times!

* * * * * * * * *

Then, I know, at high tide the water washed the steps of the old gate, at low tide barges lay stranded on wide mudbanks directly below our window, as they do still below the Brewery and Shot Works opposite. But now we have the Embankment curving with the river, its line of lights by night and the gay lamps of the swift hansoms; by day, the many trees in the Gardens, so that when spring comes I can sit at our window, and, like the lady in the ballad, watch the leaves grow green. I suppose Hungerford Market was picturesque, and the knowledge that footpads lurked in the shadows of Villiers Street gave the zest of adventure to every evening ramble. But the Underground Station has brought gaiety, as well as safety, with it; the high hoardings round the stables are ablaze with posters;



THE LIGHTS OF CHARING CROSS.

Reproduced by kind permission of MR. JOSEPH PENNELL.

there is a rush of people, a jingling of hansom bells, a jangling of hurdy-gurdies, hoarse cries of newsboys, the hundred-and-one noises that go to the making of London's voice, and to the town lover are sweeter than the singing of birds in the fields, than the breaking of waves on the cliffs. And, when we are poetically inclined, we enjoy the very rumbling of the underground trains, which shake the house, because it suggests the beating of the great heart of London.

* * * * * * * * *

If we cannot see the sun set behind Westminster, we can see it rise behind St. Paul's, which is so fine a spectacle I wonder we are not up every morning of our lives to enjoy it. In Switzerland I have known J—— to turn out in the dead hours of the night, just to make himself miserable by climbing tiresome mountains or crossing tedious passes. But in London we both sleep placidly while that miracle, the dawn, charges

"the very texture of the grey
With something luminous and rare."

Once, and once only, was I in time for the morning performance, and then it was because I had a train to catch. Sleepy and cross though I was at the moment, there has stayed with me the impression of "a tangle of silver gleams and dusky lights," and of the white majesty of the great dome against the violet and rose of the morning sky; a memory of

"The ancient River singing as he goes
New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea."

And, indeed, it is an hour when all London, if we did but know and profit by it, has rare charm, and the streets are sweet as if swept clean by the night wind. I remember that, as I walked up toward the Strand, I met a young fresh-faced policeman holding a rose in his hand, for all the world like Will Scarlet as Mr. Howard Pyle once showed him walking through the glades of Sherwood Forest.

But, if we miss the first act, we come in for the second, when the City, like a garment, wears the beauty of the morning, and ugly Charing Cross Bridge is as dim and purple and shadowy as a Turner water-colour, and the river is a golden highway for the boats.

At every turn of the tide they come: the huge hay-barges with their red sails, the black coal lighters, drifting slowly, men pulling at the long oars, working broadside on, or any way the current makes easiest, or else dragged in long lines behind the little tugs belching sable clouds. Now and then a great big sea-built steamer moves majestically by,—just room for it and no more under the arches of

Waterloo Bridge. And all summer we have the penny steamboat, suggesting cool excursions to Hampton Court or to Greenwich, which we never by any chance take. In a black line, barges for ever lie anchored in mid-stream, while high masts break with graceful lines the bare façades of Brewery and Shot Works.

Commerce is pictorial on the river, and, for our benefit, it presents itself in a hundred-and-one different phases, each more delightful than the last. Indeed, it is in its infinite variety, due chiefly to smoke and atmosphere, that the Thames is unrivalled—that it so far surpasses all other rivers, even the Seine as it winds through Paris, or the Danube as it flows under the hills of Buda.

Sometimes I think it most effective on misty winter mornings, when the sunlight comes down leaking and filtering from its cloud ceiling, and the black barges glitter as they drift by, and the most grimy details in the thick atmosphere put on richness and softness of tone as soon as they begin to recede. And then, in other moods, I recall with keener pleasure its radiance in the late summer afternoon, when the red sails are Venetian in their splendour, and the cold grey of Waterloo Bridge glows flushed and warm, and St. Paul's highest window is a flaming beacon, and every white spire "a voice of living light." It is then the band plays in the Gardens, and London seems to borrow for an interval the gay manners and customs of Paris.

But, when all is said, the river reserves its subtlest and tenderest effects for the last. It is when, in the East, the people are hurrying home from work, when, in the West, winter's afternoon tea or summer's dinner keeps all indoors, that it shows its rarest beauty to us. For it is loveliest at twilight—Mr. Whistler's hour—when "*the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us.*" *A blue and gold fairyland on some evenings, grey and silver on others, or again, rose and opal. And the loveliness grows with the night, if there be a moon. The golden lights curve with the Embankment, Cleopatra's Needle a tall dark shadow in their midst, and, hanging between sky and water, they cross the blue with Waterloo Bridge. Through the darkness flashes a white electric glare from Charing Cross; green and red flare the signals on the railroad; green and red, over the water, steal the lights of a phantom boat.*

Many a soft summer night, as I have leaned out of our window, life for me has rid itself of its prose and seemed all tinctured with romance. It is then I have known and loved best our

"*River of Journeys, River of Dreams!*"

A little more, and I should become positively sentimental!



THE SAVOY HOTEL IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

Etching made by MR. J. MCNEILL WHISTLER, *from Mr. D'Oyly Carte's office window, when* MR. WHISTLER *remarked that he "must draw it now, for it would never look so well again!"*

(*Reproduced by kind permission of* MR. WHISTLER.)

Then and Now.

By BEATTY KINGSTON.

NOT long ago a friend of mine—a charming exemplar of the unfair sex, "full of excellent differences"—had a birthday. She is a foreigner, a distinguished artiste, and a discriminative gastronome; in short, an "Upper Bohemian" of the first flight. Wishing to celebrate her natal anniversary by giving her as good a dinner as might be obtainable in the metropolis, and knowing full well that her judgment in culinary matters was far more trustworthy than my own, I first secured her promise to "break a crust" with me *au cabaret* on the day of happy augury, and then consulted her as to the character of the commemorative repast and the locality in which we should partake of it. "Luncheon or dinner?" I asked. "Oh, luncheon, of course," was the reply. "Dinner, *non-obstant la lumière électrique*, is always more or less lugubrious during the winter months. You know, *la nuit tous les repas sont gris, et trop souvent les convives aussi.* Let us eat our birthday meal by such daylight as is vouchsafed to these brumous isles between October and March." "To hear is to obey," I rejoined; "all I have still to ask is: What restaurant is honoured by your preference?" "Will you think me too *exigeante* if I ask you to entertain me out of London? I am tired of dark rooms, gloomy ceiling and wall decorations, and waiters so dismally clad that they might pass for *croquemorts*. They depress me." "But," I humbly suggested, "where can one lunch satisfactorily outside the four-mile radius at this season of the year? Quartermaine's, the 'Star and Garter,' and other extra-mural hostelries of good repute are delivered over for the nonce to the ravenous cyclist, for whose Gargantuan maw they provide coarse viands, repugnant to the cultured palate." "You mistake me," she exclaimed; "I did not mean anything suburban. What I was thinking of is the inimitable balcony restaurant at the Savoy Hotel, with its admirable cuisine, its nimble, smiling waiters, in short jackets and white aprons, and its unrivalled view of landscape and waterscape, spreading away to the westward and eastward, up and down river; the finest riparian coup-d'œil in Europe, bounded to the right of Cleopatra's obelisk by the tall towers of Parliament, and to the left of the time-worn monolith by the frowning battlements of Red

William's massive keep. Whenever I sit in that luminous balcony, and gaze through its crystal panels at a panorama pronounced by Whistler himself to be 'the realisation of his ideal,' I feel that for the time being I have escaped from the grimy capital of the commercial world; from a city of murky streets, muddy roadways, hideous churches, and sordid domestic architecture to a region of beauty, grace, and dignity, in which 'the eye's fond appetite' grows with what it feeds on. The impression that I have been mysteriously transported by 'art magic' from commonplace, work-a-day London to some stately and picturesque foreign town is intensified by the vivacious aspect of the restaurant itself, the equipments and appointments of which are essentially French in their every detail. To me the gleaming gallery of the Savoy restaurant, with its white tiled backing and supreme sobriety of general decoration, is a terrestrial epicurean paradise, such as even luxurious and tasteful Paris cannot truthfully boast of."

Thus my fair enthusiast, with every word of whose eloquent eulogy I unreservedly agreed. Need I add that the birthday feast was held in the restaurant balcony, or that it fully sustained the world-wide reputation of the Savoy *cuisine?* Of the menu I will only say that it was devised, drawn up, and executed by a past-master of the culinary craft, and that its concrete result was a gastronomic achievement which could not have been surpassed at Voisin's, Paillard's, or Champeaux', nor even at Bignon's unpretentious establishment of yore, situate at the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin and the Boulevard, and frequented in the good old days by all the notorious gourmets of the Second Empire. After luncheon we performed a brief tour, "personally conducted" by one in authority, through the restaurant floor of the hotel, and were agreeably impressed by the charming effects of colour and form attained by the decorations and fittings of all the reception and private dining-rooms, which, as we were informed, strictly followed a consistent scheme of design, devised by Mr. Collcutt, artist-architect of the Imperial Institute, of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Opera House (now the Palace Theatre), and other ornate public buildings. Several of these rooms, in which artistic picturesqueness and material comfort are happily combined, bear the titles of Gilbertian and Sullivanesque chefs-d'œuvre, identified with the well-merited fortunes of the dainty theatre to which the Savoy Hotel owes its genesis. Not one of them is unduly lofty, or chilly and depressing in aspect. They sedulously eschew the solemn, formal white and gold of the typical Anglo-Italian interior, which cast a pale gloom upon so many metropolitan places of entertainment and refreshment; they court the approval of cultured bon-vivants by richness and reposefulness of tone, and by a completeness of appliances and accessories which leaves no physical requirement unfulfilled. These attractions they



have in common with the residential suites of apartments that abound throughout every story of the vast structure, and each one of which is provided with a luxurious bath-room exclusively accessible to its occupants. These bath-rooms, seventy in number — there are seventeen upon each floor, whereas the Continental allowance of "salles de bain," even now-a-days and in hotels of high pretension, seldom exceeds two or three *par étage*—are supplied from an Artesian well 400 feet in depth, which also yields an ample provision of pure drinking water for the use of those "Savoyards" who are addicted to that salutary but unemotional beverage. In every part of the Savoy Hotel—which in my humble opinion is the most perfectly equipped establishment of its class in Europe — the paramount comforts of unlimited hot and cold water, brilliant and tasteful electric lighting, and a faultless lift service, are unfailingly continuous by night as well as by day.



To a traveller, like myself, of over forty years' standing, whose hotel experiences abroad and at home hark back to the memorable epoch of the Crimean War, and have been acquired in Africa and Asia, as well as in the chief cities of France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Roumania, Italy,

Spain, Belgium, Holland, and European Turkey, an observant visit to such a thoroughly up-to-date caravanserai as the Savoy cannot but suggest comparisons between the quality of the accommodation provided for the travelling public, particularly in this metropolis, by the first-class innkeeper of the fifties, and that furnished by the proprietors and managers of really reputable hotels at the present day. Among the many marvels of the Victorian Age, none is more notable than the multiplication and development of the inducements offered to persons of ample means and good social position to take up their residence in a well-organised hotel for several months at a stretch, instead of merely utilising it as a more or less objectionable stopgap between a railway station and furnished lodgings. As lately as thirty years ago London hôtels of the most superlative respectability were only frequented by people of condition compelled by the force of circumstances to visit them for a brief space, and eager to get away from them at the earliest date compatible with the fulfilment of their political or social obligations: foreigners of distinction, who disliked their gloominess, insular cookery, and inordinate charges; county magnates and provincial potentates of commerce and manufacture, unprovided with town houses of their own, who, having to bring their wives and daughters up to London for the season, or haply to attend to Parliamentary and official duties requiring their presence in the capital, were fain to take up their abode temporarily in some time-honoured establishment justly renowned for its ponderous plate, massive furniture, and dignified frowsiness. *Exceptis excipiendis*, of course; crowned heads, lords-lieutenant, and many-acred country squires were often not averse to the expensive dulness and solemn formality characterising those old-fashioned hostelries, and cared little where they put up when adverse destiny constrained them to exchange the luxurious comforts of their own magnificent mansions for the sombre pomps and costly vanities of hotel life in the West End. Now, at the close of the century, they find all those comforts, supplemented by many ingenious mechanical contrivances for ministering to their habitual and extraordinary requirements, awaiting them in an establishment upon the organisation of which practical and artistic intelligence has been brought to bear with indefatigable energy and unerring judgment. A Prince of the blood or a millionaire can dine to perfection at Claridge's or the Savoy, where his food will be prepared by a chef no less accomplished than his own *cordon bleu*, and will be served quite as deftly and promptly, if not more so, as if the most elaborately trained *service de bouche* of any Royal or Lucullian household had been charged with its superintendence. Everything he can possibly wish for in the way of information, amusement, or locomotion is at his disposal within the precincts of the hotel; the "latest intelligence" of the news agencies, boxes and stalls at all the

fashionable theatres, horses and carriages of excellent quality, every facility for communication by telegraph and telephone, attendants of various nationalities, *inter alia*, curry-compounding Indians and coffee-brewing Turks, the choicest *crus* of wine and brands of tobacco. I can conceive no pleasanter programme of life in London than that which is available to well-to-do foreigners in our hotels of the new school, of which the Savoy may be aptly described as the primary examplar, and Claridge's of to-day—*quantum mutatus ab illo* of a past decade !—as the conclusive expression.

Let me endeavour to justify my somewhat venturesome assumption that the maximum of commodiousness and comfort has been attained in the latest edition of the far-famed Royal hostelry, and that the word Claridge is the *dernier mot* of achieved completeness which closes the record of latter-day development in relation to hotels, their construction, organisation, equipment, and administration. Claridge's has a *raison d'être* and individuality of its own. It is essentially a residential West End hotel, stamped with a distinctively aristocratic *cachet*, and fulfilling special requirements, which even the Savoy cannot adequately meet. It has its being in the very heart of fashionable London, whereas the Savoy constitutes the nucleus, so to speak, of metropolitan Bohemia, being situate within a few hundred yards of all the more popular theatres, of the Law Courts and Inns of Court, and of the overwrought region in which British journalism has established its headquarters. The Savoy, moreover, is conveniently handy to the cities of London and Westminster, nearly equidistant from the Palaces of the Legislature and of the Municipality. It is vivacious and busy, quite up-to-date, altogether *dans le mouvement*. Claridge's is placid, high-toned, and completely "out of the hurly-burly." It has inherited the calm and dignity of Old Claridge's, than which no European hotel could boast of nobler patronage, for at one or another time nearly every alien crowned head had reposed beneath its roof, and its registers had been enriched by the names of the most eminent Continental generals, statesmen, and politicians. By topographical position, apart from its manifold modern attractions, Claridge's the Younger is fully qualified to revive the most hallowed "traditions" of its venerable predecessor. It stands between Berkeley and Grosvenor Squares, in the near neighbourhood of Mayfair, the modish Parks, St. James' Street and Piccadilly, within hail of "The Corner" on the one hand, and of Club-land on the other. In respect to its capacities of accommodation, it knows no rival among the great London hotels. Claridge's contains over four hundred rooms, about a moiety of which has been utilised in realising the hotel's speciality—to wit, residential suites, in which families may enjoy all the advantages of a beautiful and well-appointed home without incurring any of its onerous

responsibilities. These suites are tastefully decorated and upholstered in the styles of various periods—Louis XV. and XVI., the first Empire, the Georgian and the early Victorian—a few of them being faithful reproductions of the best Adams or Sheraton manner in its minutest detail. Among them is a unique "Royal Suite" accessible by a private entrance, vestibule and staircase, and furnished with no less artistic taste than lavish luxuriousness. The principal drawing room, panelled with blue silk, is richly curtained and carpeted in darker shades of the predominant colour, and fitted up with Chippendale furniture executed in dark carven mahogany. An adjacent bedroom is decorated and upholstered in graduated tones of green, and another in pink striped silk, its triple-pile Wilton carpet displaying pale red roses on a dark verdant ground. The Royal reception room has a domed ceiling, with ornate spandrils and a decorative tympanum; its walls are hung with red silk tabourette, exactly matched in its curtains; its carpet is of a gorgeous royal blue with Oriental borders. All the private dining rooms of Claridge's are Georgian, the painted walls having panels framed in decorative mouldings set off by gold brocade paper.

In the words of Hamlet, "Something too much of this!" Suffice it to add in conclusion that art and money have done their utmost to make Claridge's the paragon of contemporary hostelries, and with indisputable success. I, at least, know not one Continental hôtel that can compare with it, otherwise than unfavourably; and, as I have certainly passed a fourth of my lifetime, which is coeval with the Queen's reign, in testing the merits and demerits of foreign caravanserais, I may perhaps be permitted to take leave of my readers with the words "*Experto crede.*"



THE SAVOY PIGEONS.

From a Drawing made by MR. J. MCNEILL WHISTLER *from the terrace of his private sitting-room, when staying at the Savoy Hotel.*
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The House of Call for Emperors.

By JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

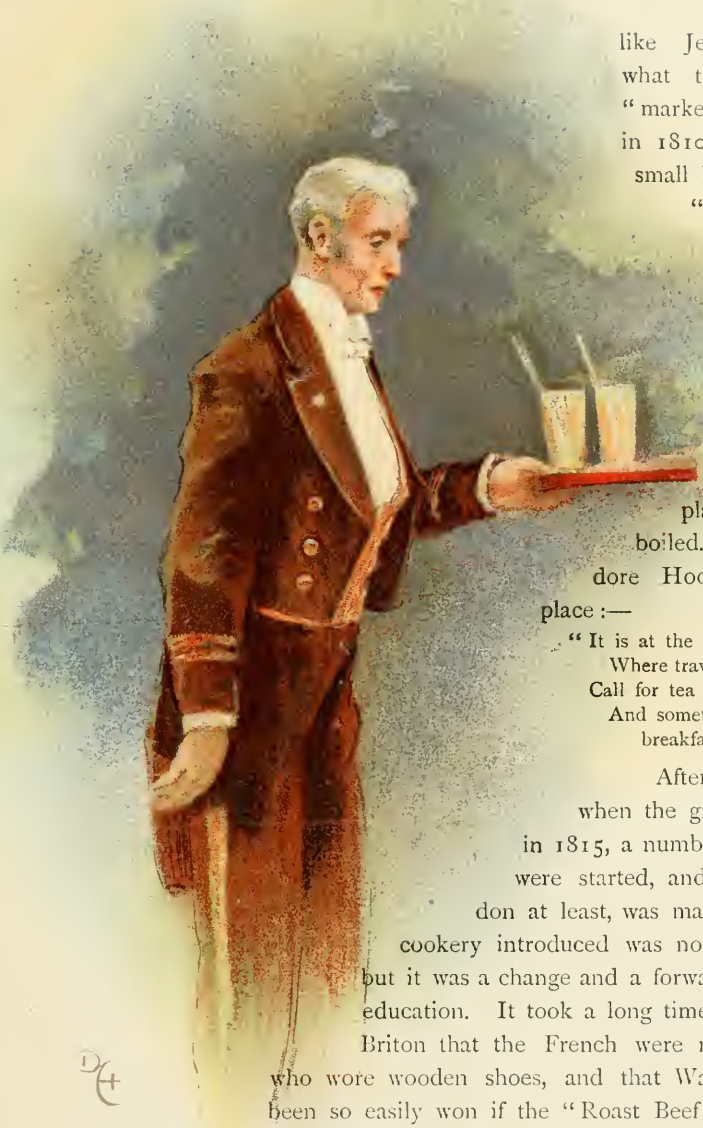
EVERY part of London has its history, as full of interest to the cultivated antiquarian as it is to the mere reader of "Gossip." The history of the Savoy belongs to the City and the centre of London, but the history of the Western District—that part having Mayfair on its south side and the Tyburn Road or Oxford Street on the north, is the history of what, less than two centuries ago, was a rural outskirt of London with gardens, farm-yards, fields, cultivated and uucultivated, and, of course, a downward stream or rivulet, sometimes dignified with the name of river, sometimes affectionately called a brook, and flowing from the Hampstead and Highgate hills to seek the then "silvery" Thames, thence to be carried by its big brother into the all-devouring sea. The rivulet that gave the name to the important and historic street in which the gentleman's gentleman, Monsieur Mivart, immortalised by Lord Byron in "Don Juan," started his Royal Hotel, destined to become the "House of Call for Emperors," and to be afterwards taken over by Mr. Claridge, was called the Tyburn Brook. The name in the last century became disagreeably associated with the Hogarthian gallows at the mouth of the Edgware Road (the actual site, I believe, is No. 3, Connaught Terrace), but its companion streams were the Westerly Bourne (now suggestive of Mr. Whiteley and Westbourne Grove) and the rivulet of St. Mary the Good, vulgarised into Mary-bone, and suggestive of the rich, but now extinct, orchards of the obliterated St. John's Wood.

Brook Street (Upper and Lower) derived its name from these northern hill streams, which once had the power to tempt old Izaak Walton and his companions from their beloved river Lea. Rivulets of this kind, flowing down to and through a great city, have a melancholy and inevitable destiny. The trout stream of one century becomes the great downfall sewer of the next, as sure as the country which God made will be studded by the Devil with semi-detached villas. The Tyburn Brook—the god-father of Brook Street—has long been the "King's Scholar's Pond Sewer," which passes through the hollow of Piccadilly—formerly the bed of the

stream—under Buckingham Palace to Pimlico, where it used to enter the Thames, but is now intercepted by the great Northern Outfall Sewer. I explored it many years ago from St. John's Wood Chapel, entering a rotten old Styx boat at the "dip" in Piccadilly, and singing "God Save the Queen" immediately under the Palace.

When Monsieur Mivart started his hotel in Lower Brook Street, and the father of his successor, Mr. Claridge, was catering for kings and ambassadors, after a fashion, at the house which afterwards became "Fenton's" in St. James's Street, London, except for its clubs, which, like the present French clubs in Paris were mostly gambling houses, was more like a large country town than a great city. Gas was being talked about, but not used, and was much in the same position as the electric light (the Arc Lamp) was in 1878. People endured dim oil lamps in places like Grosvenor Square even up to 1842, or sat, up to the same period, under imitation wax candles at the Haymarket Theatre until their coats got spoilt with the greasy drippings. Omnibuses were not yet introduced, and railways not yet invented; stage coaches ran not only to the country but short journeys in London. Our fore-fathers spared their shoe-leather, as it was bought of lordly tradesmen, like Hoby, and was very expensive. If they missed their coach from the Whitehorse Cellar to the Bank (about a mile-and-a-half), or from the Angel at Islington to the Stock Exchange (about a mile), they waited for the next stage, and wasted about three hours. No matter, it was an age of leisure. The hackney carriages were huge rickety family vehicles, apt to smell a little musty, and more adapted for funerals or evening parties than for business people who had the courage, very rare in those days, to admit that they were in a hurry. The cab—the first rude idea of a "Hansom"—was a clumsy cabriolet, with a seat at the side on which the driver sat, next door, so to speak, to the fare, handling the reins somewhat obliquely.

If you wanted "restaurants," there were no such luxuries properly so called, but taverns like "Clunn's" in Covent Garden, where turtle soup and Lachrymæ Christi were "specialities," and old Madeira could be got, to say nothing of port and sherry, if you paid for it; the London Coffee House on Ludgate Hill, the Gray's Inn Coffee House in Holborn, a favourite place for the meetings of creditors, and the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, an equally favorite place for political meetings. There were plenty of so-called "chop houses," and places modestly called "cook-shops," oyster houses, and soup houses, potato houses (called Irish fruit houses), egg houses, salad shops, jelly houses, "shades," some devoted to wine, some to Burton ale, and boiled beef houses, which, for some unexplained reason were always called "celebrated." There were plenty of "private" hotels, as they were called, another name for boarding houses, and in some west end districts these places gathered in a particular street,



like Jermyn Street, making what the economists call a "market." Warren Hastings in 1810 lived in one of these small hotels, which was called "Wake's," in Lower Brook Street. Old-fashioned country people favoured the "Blue Posts" in Cork Street, where the food was a strong soup (not a potage), big fish and plain joints, "roast and boiled." I think it was Theodore Hook who wrote of this place :—

"It is at the Blue Post-esses,
Where travellers leave their chest-esses,
Call for tea and toast-esses,
And sometimes forget to pay for their breakfast-esses."

After the Battle of Waterloo, when the great peace was declared in 1815, a number of French restaurants were started, and Petty France, in London at least, was made happy. The French cookery introduced was not of the highest order, but it was a change and a forward step in international education. It took a long time to persuade the sturdy Briton that the French were not a frog-eating nation who wore wooden shoes, and that Waterloo would not have been so easily won if the "Roast Beef of Old England" (Oh! the Old English Roast Beef), had been the staple food of the benighted foreigners. In spite of this insular prejudice, *Giraudier* started in the Haymarket, *Giraud* in Castle Street (now Charing Cross Road), near what was to be the Alhambra; *Verrey*, with his Empire decoration and furniture,

made a stand in Regent Street, *Bertolini* introduced French and Italian cookery almost next door to Sir Isaac Newton's house in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, in opposition to Stone's Panton Street imitation of the Albion in Russell Street, Drury Lane (Charles Dickens' favourite house), and *Pagliano* took the house in Leicester Square where Hogarth had lived, and seizing the name but not the skill of a celebrated Parisian *chef* of the past, called it the *Sablonnière*. His prices were low, and his menu not very elaborate. I quote from one of his bills in 1815, which I have in my possession :—

Soups.

	s.	d.
Vermicelli	0	6
Herb Soûp	0	4
Broth	0	4

Fish.

	s.	d.
Boiled Skate	0	6
Halibut	0	9
Cod	0	8
Salt Fish	0	6
Fried Fish	0	8

	s.	d.
Beef with Turnips	0	6
Ditto with Raddishes	0	6
Mutton à la Mode	0	8
Omelette	0	8
Fried Liver	0	6
Boiled Fowl	1	6
Macaroni	0	8
Roast Beef	0	6
Roast Fowl	1	6
Salad (spelt Sallad)	0	6
Brocoli	0	6
Potatoes	0	2

The bill of fare at the "Telegraph Eating Rooms" in Gracechurch Street (also in 1815), was a little more substantial, but much dearer. Of all these old time places the only one left is "Verrey's."

In the wake of the French Restaurateurs, the smaller caterers followed, and the "chop-houses" soon found competition in the "Alamode beef-houses." The two most important of these were in Clare Market and Tichborne Street, Piccadilly. They both served a good strong serviceable stodge—half liquid and half solid, which was cheap and satisfying after the theatre, and was generally eaten with salad. In those days there was practically no limit to the night hours for eating combined with drinking, and this liberty continued to 1872, when eating in public after half-past twelve was made as illegal as music without a licence.

In spite of the absence of all, or nearly all of those social comforts which we now enjoy—telegraphs, telephones, cheap postage, sanitary improvements, cheap

transit, cheap literature, cheap and perfect newspapers, palatial hotels with every improvement, restaurants of all degrees of excellence, suitable to all pockets, cheap clothing, perfect dwellings, palaces of variety, civilised theatres, free libraries, and a hundred other products of material progress—there was a dash, a brilliancy, a spirit about the "Days of the Dandies," as they were called, which certainly captivate the imagination. It was not a sordid—a money-grubbing age. It was not exactly a virtuous age, but its vice was not vulgar, and not sneaking. It was artistic, and the Prince Regent may have met the champion of the prize ring at Hyde Park Corner and driven him down in semi-state in a "Tilbury" or "Cabriolet" to his fight at Moulsey Hurst; a noble lord, when he wanted to make a lady a present, may have posted to his northern estate, cut down a hundred thousand pounds' worth of timber, hurled it into the local river to float down to the sea, where it was shipped and sold in the London market. Another noble lord may have been a fortune to old Fribourg, whose snuff shop still stands in the Haymarket, and have had a snuff-box for every day in the year, including Sundays. Another noble lord may have gone into Crockford's at midnight, a comparatively rich man in those days, when the millionaire had not been invented, and come out at daybreak a pauper. Count D'Orsay may have lived in luxury at Gore Lodge—a fortress fortified against the bailiffs—to slink down to Crockford's after midnight on Saturday and back to his nest at midnight on Sunday; and a week without a "Society" duel may have been a kind of Passion Week in the calendar. Much of this may have been folly, much of it madness, a little of it affectation, or a disease of the imitative faculty, but it was inspired by the same spirit that inspired the Balaclava Charge. It was magnificent, but it was not business. It certainly was not in harmony with Poor Richard's Almanac. It may have been tailor-made. In those days the tailor really created the man. The tailor was king, and he knew it. His business was to stem the tide of the new-fangled sans-culottism and to preserve the class distinctions of dress. Men who dressed as the dandies did could only act up to their clothes. Even literary men were not too ink-stained to enter the charmed circle. Disraeli was a dandy and a viveur first; an author, an orator, and a statesman afterwards. Bulwer Lytton (the first Earl) followed in Disraeli's footsteps, but surpassed him, as he did Dickens, as a dramatist. Dickens was a dandy, so was Harrison Ainsworth. Maclise, in his etchings, has left a striking record of what these men were in physical appearance round the table of Frazer, the publisher and editor. Gibson, Lockhart, Ainsworth, Bulwer, Disraeli, and D'Orsay:—there was not one Adonis or Apollo Belvidere present, but a dozen, and Lady Blessington was with them, a Venus glorified with intellect. Even the chef of the day was

something more than a chef. Soyer may have been more of a Barnum than a cook, his hand may have been too heavy and his sauces too hot ; but he was a personage.

The Dandy, who was always largely represented at Claridge's, was not neglectful of his family duties, or his muscular training. He would give his belongings a treat at Vauxhall to hear Braham and Mrs. Billington sing, and Michael Boai play the Paganini "Carnaval de Venise" on his chin. He would send to Newman's in Regent Street for a carriage, where he had an account for such things from the day when he eloped with his wife—an heiress, of course—from a boarding school at Brighton (spelt Brighthelmstone) to get married by the blacksmith at Gretna Green. The carriage was booked according to custom (Newman hated cash payments), but a little ready money had to be found for the tolls, as London was then a province of turnpikes. These came to about twelve shillings—exclusive of beer-money. Vauxhall was a journey. In those days people who lived at the village of Chelsea, and had been to "the play," assembled at the bottom of St. James' Street until they got twenty or thirty strong, so that with lanterns and bludgeons, and perhaps a blunderbuss or two, they could cross the "five fields" at Pimlico and face the footpads at "Bloody Bridge"—the site of Eaton Place and the Court Theatre. After the concert and fireworks at Vauxhall (about two o'clock in the morning, my paternal legislators,) the family had supper in one of the bay windows of the banqueting hall and the champion carver was had up to show how much space he could carpet with a pound of ham. By the time my Dandy had escorted his family back to Claridge's, Grosvenor Square looked so pleasant in the fine June morning that my Dandy took a "pick-me-up" (a little egg flip made with sherry) instead of going to bed, and went round to "Gentleman Jackson's" at the Tennis Court in the Haymarket, to put on the gloves with one of the tutors. Having sent a runner to "Johnson's Dandy-Horse Schools" in Brewer Street and Berners Street for his pet Dandy-Horse (a bicycle worked with the feet touching the ground instead of intermediate pedals) he went back to dress as became a gentleman. After his breakfast of devilled chicken, he mounted his machine, not dressed like a Highland Gillie, a Dorsetshire labourer, or a Barclay and Perkins drayman, but with a Brummel cravat, a tall curly-brimmed silk hat, a bright blue loose dress coat with a velvet collar, patent boots, and broad strapped-down trousers of the peg-top mould, and "legged" himself off to Brighton. The hill-top telegraph signals had told the Clarence Hotel people he was coming, and to prepare his promenade clothes, made by Nugée, his tailor, who was then building the Kemp Town extension out of his Bond Street profits. The Clarence was a loyal and proper hotel, conducted quite in the spirit of the age. It was the favourite hotel of royalty, and looking up the London Road Valley, was advertised as being near the pump-room, and *perfectly protected from the sea-air.*

All these men and many more like them, rubbed shoulders with Kings, Emperors, Ambassadors and Ministers at "Claridge's." Captain Gronow, Lord Lamington and Sir Algernon West (amongst many others) have pictured their faults and their merits for the enlightenment of an age that has "reformed its tailors' bills," deals at the "Stores" and dresses in "Sixteen shilling trousers," a modern invention of Brook Street.

The Brook Street "worthies" of the past, if we include Grosvenor Square, have been Handel (as we spell him), Edmund Burke, Lord George Gordon (not quite a worthy), the Rev. Sydney Smith, "Single Speech" Hamilton, Sir Henry Holland, chatty Horace Walpole, the red-tape martyr, Lord Clive, Sir William Gull, Sir Charles Bell, cock-eyed John Wilkes, George Grenville (the gossiper), the Earl of Derby, and his actress wife, the beautiful Miss Farren, and Sir William Jenner. The surgeons here have a more than respectable minority. Even the Sablonnière Hotel could boast of such visitors as Mirabeau, Kosciusko, and one of the Popes (I forget which), in the early part of the century.

The "New Claridge's Hotel" list at the close of the century, will more than maintain the ancient reputation of the "House of Call for Emperors," although it has destroyed the old "Throne Room," without thinking it necessary to build another.



The Highway of the Universe.

"We come to thee, Savoy."

By JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

IF Lord Beaconsfield was right in describing the cab as the London gondola, the Strand is certainly the Grand Canal of the world's most unwieldy City. It is not a Cockney thoroughfare, but the Highway of the Universe. It runs through the heart of the great half-way house from everywhere to everywhere, and although in matter-of-fact parochial records it has the parishes of St. Martin's in the by-gone fields at one end, and the old Maypole district of St. Mary-le-Strand at the other, its boundaries really stretch from China to Peru, or from the recluse pole in the north to the equally recluse pole in the south. In appearance it is not broad nor majestic. In this respect it is put in the shade by the Mile End Road, to say nothing of the Nevsköi Perspective, in St. Petersburg; but it is the petrifaction of English history. Every stone on its footways is a chronicle. These chronicles lead a rather disturbed life, as seven or eight industrial enterprises—gas, water, telephones, electricity, etc.—have powers under Acts of Parliament to enclose and excavate the thoroughfares, which they exercise freely all through the year without the slightest consultation with each other.

That central section of the Strand on the south and river side known as the Savoy, is as full of history as, in homely metaphor, an egg is full of meat. Little remains of it but antiquarian records. A few material fragments may be discovered in odd corners, like decayed teeth, if they are diligently probed for. This is an occupation fit only for Old Mortality. Traditions exist in the air; but, unfortunately, it has not been the custom in this country either to preserve ancient monuments, or to honour such monuments, when they are destroyed by the brutal force of population and public necessity, even with a tombstone or a memorial tablet. Palaces of Kings, Chapels of Saints, houses and workshops of the great ones of the past, hospitals, barracks, sanctuaries, are swept away by Local Boards and dust contractors, leaving not a trace behind. When a sentimental and well-meaning Association like the Society of Arts is stirred into activity and goes its rounds with *in memoriam*

plaques, there is always a danger that they may fix these records to the wrong houses, thereby investing the most common-place and unsanitary tenements with the dignity of shrines.

The history of the "precinct" called the Savoy would fill a bulky volume. Within its narrow boundaries much has happened for more than six centuries and a-half. In the old wars between England and France, which did so much to establish that Anglophobia which has often taken a rabid form, and rarely more so than at the present hour, the Savoy lodged the French King, John, when he was brought to England as a captive by the Black Prince, after the battle of Poictiers. He was evidently well treated at "the fairest manor in England," as it was called, for he returned voluntarily on a point of honour (History has not told us the name of the lady), and died at the Savoy Palace on the 9th of April, 1364, his body being honourably conveyed back to St. Denis, in France. In 1381 Wat Tyler appeared upon the scene with a riot, an insurrection, or a "Rumour," when the Palace was fired, pillaged, and almost demolished by throwing certain boxes into the fire which were supposed to contain property, as looting had been forbidden, but, unfortunately for the rebels, contained gunpowder. The usual story is told of these conscientious rioters. Proof against money and plate, they succumbed to drink. They broke into a cellar where, according to the vague chronicle, they stupefied themselves with "sweet wines." Here they were walled in by their civilized opponents and left to die, which they did, of hunger, thirst and foul air, in seven days. This was worse than Sir William Walworth's dagger, which figures to-day in the arms of the City of London.

The Palace when restored was turned into an Hospital, but it had a short life. In two years the revenues were seized by Royalty, It was re-endowed by Queen Mary, but was treated negligently by Queen Elizabeth, who probably resented the attacks made upon her and her subjects by the ruffians who found "Sanctuary" in the precinct. It was a bad place to serve a writ; they tarred and feathered the server. It was well guarded during the Great Plague, a sort of rough quarantine being established. The Court regarded it as a kind of buffer-state, and insisted that it should try to prevent the plague spreading from the City to the "West-end." The Court did not trust altogether to its own regulations and officers, but retreated to Windsor. The Savoy stood a ruin and a London eyesore for a century and a quarter.

The literary associations of the Savoy go back as far as Chaucer, but what he wrote there can scarcely be decided. The Savoy has always figured largely in the religious world. The life of "Mr. Cleveland," Oliver Cromwell's alleged illegitimate

son, was published in the neighbourhood. It was in the Savoy that the Confession of Faith was drawn up in the time of Cromwell and the Directory, and it was the place where Charles the II. ordered the assemblies of the Commissioners for the Revision of the Liturgy to be held. This Commission was rather "mixed," for it comprised twelve of the chief bishops of the time, with nine assisting clergymen, while the Nonconformist party was strongly represented—amongst them being Richard Baxter, the author of the "Saint's Rest," and "A Kick in the Breech for Unbelievers." The meeting is known historically as the "Savoy Conference." It certainly favoured the so-called High Church party. At that time Fuller, the author of the "Worthies" was Lecturer at the Savoy, and the poet Cowley was a candidate at Court for the office of Master. As a poet he wrote the best drinking song ("The Thirsty Earth drinks up the Rain," etc.) in the English language.

The Savoy in religion has been Catholic in its broadest sense. It sheltered exiled Roman Catholics and exiled Protestants. It did not object to Jesuits, and Jesuit free schools. William the Third used the Savoy to house many families of poor French Protestants, who sought to get a living by the practice of their handicrafts, but the "open-door" theory then was not in favour, and the competition was destroyed by the London tradesmen of the period. The French Church established for these refugees was afterwards moved to Bloomsbury. To show its tolerance, the Savoy also endured a German Lutheran Church and a German Calvinistic Chapel, which were the neighbours of a prison, some barracks and some "gardens."

A considerable part of the old Savoy was standing at the beginning of the present century, but it was demolished to form the Strand approach to Waterloo Bridge—the bridge that delighted Canova.

The Savoy Restaurant and Hotel was one of the early pioneers in bringing the best "catering" of Paris to London. It helped perhaps more than any "advanced" restaurant to kill that class of tavern or chop house, with its sanded floor and sawdust, its mustard-stained table cloths and its not over-clean plate and china, where the "good old English fare" legend was freely used to cover inferior food badly cooked, what the melancholy exiled Frenchman called "lumps of bleeding beef, and hot, fiery balls of burning flour." The new Savoy reminded that favoured few who knew Paris under the superficial glories of the Second Empire, of the never-to-be-forgotten *Trois Frères*, in the Palais Royal, the old *Rocher de Cancale* off the *Rue Montmartre*, the Tottenham Court Road of Paris, the dead and gone *Bignon's*, and the *Café Brébant* on the Boulevard, the *Café Véfour* in the *Palais Royal*, and *Voisin's* in the Rue St. Honoré, the latter now happily surviving its buried comrades.

It almost reconciled these old and middle-aged *viveurs* to the fogs of *perfide Albion*, and the inelastic and indiscriminating licensing laws which compel a civilised café, like the Savoy, to work under the self-same licence and restrictions as a pot house in Whitechapel, or a gin shop in the Seven Dials. Henry Fielding, the great English novelist, who lived in Beaufort Buildings in the last century, would have borrowed more money from his friend, neighbour, and publisher, Jacob Tonson, at the "Shakespeare's Head," in the Strand, and given up his rump steak and two bottles of port at the "Salutation," if the New Savoy had then been open at the bottom of his street, instead of the river-side tavern, called by courtesy an inn, and bearing the sign of "The Fox under the Hill." Fifty years or more ago, when the halfpenny steamboats, the "Bee," the "Ant," and the "Cricket," plied from London Bridge Wharf to the Adelphi Arches and "Ivy Lane," and anticipated, by many years, the halfpenny journals and the halfpenny omnibuses, the "Fox under the Hill" was still in existence, but it had become a semi-rural river-side drinking shop, and a "house of call" for coal-heavers and bargemen. It had a wooden gallery projecting over the river, with rough tables and benches, and looked as if it had drifted up the stream from Wapping. There was a decided air of Old Quilp about it. It stood a little above the water at high tide, and further above the mud at low tide. The Thames Conservancy always claimed seignorial rights over this mud, if not over the mudlarks who revelled in it and dived for half-pence, and it was dignified with the name of "foreshore." The "Fox under the Hill" had a patch of garden, partly cultivated, which grew a few vegetables well manured with soot. It boasted a "good dry skittle ground," except when the spring tides trespassed on its rotten boarding. The cheese-shaped balls were cracked and chipped, and its "pins" were rather splintery, but in a rough way they served their purpose. The bargemen and coal-heavers made up with force what they wanted in skill, as I found out when I "made one of four" for half-a-gallon of "Hoare's Entire." This was the ancestor, the father or grandfather of the Savoy Hotel and Restaurant, which has brought a bit of the Second Empire Paris to London.

The gardens along the south front of the Savoy Hotel and Restaurant, which have been rescued from the river and form part of the Thames Embankment, have been laid out at the expense of the ratepayers of London, and are under the control of the London County Council. They add much to the bright prospect from the Savoy Hotel and Restaurant balconies. The view in front reaches from Ancient Egypt to the day before yesterday, from Cleopatra to "Blind Fawcett," from Robert Raikes, the pious founder of Sunday Schools, to Robert Burns the national poet of Scotland, who was in all things intensely human, a free soul in a free body.

Savoy Cats.

A curious circumstance at the Savoy Hotel is that in the lowest basement there live an unknown number of more or less wild cats. It is supposed that their progenitors were left there by the workmen when the building was being constructed. They cannot be got hold of or counted, but food is placed for them from time to time. Visitors need, however, not apprehend any inconvenience or danger from their existence, as they never penetrate above the basement. Endeavours have been made from time to time to reduce their numbers by humane methods. It has not up to now been found possible to exterminate them entirely, but the management propose to take steps before long to reduce them to the number really required, when this odd state of things will no doubt cease to exist.



A Gourmet's Paradise.

By Colonel NEWNHAM DAVIS.

IT always seems to me that every good restaurant has some special characteristic of its own, that there is in the harmony of each some dominant note. The peace that comes to the man who has dined well at the Grand Hotel at Rome, and sits, after dinner, under the palms in the great winter garden, scores a white mark on the memory of the most *blasé* traveller; there is a comfortable richness in the Savoy Restaurant which is all its own, and over the great arched room of Claridge's there glows the nimbus of the old name "The Home of Kings," and there is an indefinable feeling in the place, the appreciation that one is on the threshold of a palace.

I will try and explain exactly what I mean. Let us begin with the Savoy, and if you will not consider me presumptuous, will you allow me to constitute myself your guide and fellow-diner for one evening? In the new dining-room, with its great marble mantel-piece and its wealth of oriental ornamentation, we can eat, if we choose, a capital *table d'hôte* dinner, or down in the beautifully kept Café and Grill-room we can eat plain food, or the curries of Smiler—and I hold Smiler to be the best curry cook in England. But to the true *gourmet*, and I trust we may both consider we have a claim to the title, with time to spare for it, the ordering of the dinner is a preliminary delight, the mental *hors d'œuvre* of the feast, and to-night we will not condescend to chops and steaks; but we will hawk our appetites at the *haute cuisine*. On one of the cards which give a list of the "créations de Joseph" you will find it put in print that Mons. Joseph, the Director of the Restaurant, is ready to give his advice in the arranging of the *menu*, and will give us the exact price of our dinner in advance if we wish. Of his assistance in the composing of the *menu* we certainly will avail ourselves. You remember Mons. Joseph of old in Paris at the Marivaux, of course? He has not changed in transit from the Seine to the Thames. He is still the same earnest man, not of many inches, but with the brows of a philosopher, with rather long grey hair, a little grey moustache, and deep brown eyes.

Now to business. Mons. Joseph, I know, will discourage us in ordering *hors d'œuvre;* but though it may be a Philistine taste, I like beginning my dinner with them. Now, if I have my way, we shall have a *sole à la Reichemberg* for our fish, which has oysters with it, so instead of oysters, let us begin with *caviare.* The soup we had better leave to Mons. Joseph's sound judgment: and so we come to the fish. Take the card and read some of the "creations": *Sole de Breteuil, Sole à la Reichemberg, Filets de soles Aimée Martial, Sole D'Yvonne, Pommes de Terre Otero*—a delightful dish in which oysters play a principal rôle—*Pommes de Terre de Georgette, Sole Dragomiroff, Pilaff aux Moules, Homard à la Cardinal, Homard Lord Randolph Churchill, Queue de Homard Archiduchesse, Homard d'Yvette, Darne de Saumon Marcel Prévost, Filets de Macquereau Marianne*—those are Mons. Joseph's list of fish creations.

You think we had better leave the selection to Mons. Joseph? Of course you are right; but I hope we shall have *Sole à la Reichemberg.*

Canard à la Presse certainly, for it is a special treat to see Joseph with his long thin knives cutting the bird to pieces scientifically. That with perhaps a vegetable dish and a *bombe* is quite a large enough dinner for two to eat.

If we were a large party it might make all the difference; the Savoy caters as sumptuously for big dinners and banquets as any restaurant in the world, as no one knows better than I do, for I was a guest at the world-renowned *rouge et noir dinner*, and the miracle in green and white which was the return repast; and the row of private dining-rooms looking on to the Thames are the most delightful in Europe.

We need not trouble to ask the price of the dinner. I have never been overcharged at the Savoy. To get the best material served in the best way amidst the best surroundings one must pay a fair price. One cannot buy diamonds set in gold for the same price as paste and silver; but I can vouch for the reasonableness of the bill. Now we will order our champagne and go home to dress for dinner.

We have been lucky enough to have secured a table, not too near, nor too far from the band, for Boldi plays divinely and should be listened to, and yet if we are talking, our conversation should not be interrupted by the music, and we can see all the celebrities who have come to dine. There are titled personages galore, British and foreign; there are artists, statesmen, stockbrokers, millionaires, opera-singers, actresses —the "smartest" and most varied gathering of diners in the world. Look, too, at the luxurious comfort of your surroundings, the gold of the ceiling, the warm colour of the wall wainscoted with mahogany panelling, the flowers, the shaded lights, the delicate



glass and fine napery, the quick and silent attendance ; but do not look too long, for our iced caviare has given place to soup, the foundation of which is the famous *bouillon*, the secret of which I will tell you some day, and the Maître d'hôtel is watching us with anxious eyes lest we should let it cool.

Your dinner is finished. What did you think of it? Excellent? So I thought. The devilled wings and legs of the duck came as a contrast after the slices of the breast, and their rich sauce, did they not? Your bill, as I told you it would be, is a fair one, and now as the diners are thinning out, we will ask Mons. Joseph, if he has time, to let us walk through the kitchens, and introduce us to Mons. Thouraud, the chef.

This, the first kitchen, walled with white tiles, is where the roasting and boiling is done for the restaurant (the table d'hôte dining-room has a separate kitchen) and the army of white-coated, white-capped cooks work under Maître Thouraud, with the discipline of a regiment. Every man has his special work to do, and absolute cleanliness and regularity are the *mots d'ordre*. On a lower floor we come to the ornamental work of cookery, the pastrycooks' bakery, the making of sugar baskets and flowers, the carving of the ice to make the sculptured *socles* for *bombes* and *biscuits*, and the cool storage places for the fish and the birds and the great joints.

That, I think, is enough to show you for one evening. *Adieu, Monsieur Joseph. Adieu, Maitre Thouraud.*



Two Restaurants for Kings.

By Colonel NEWNHAM DAVIS.

LET us spend one more evening together before I leave London for Rome. I have been asked by Madame la Princesse Trois Etoiles to dine at Claridge's, and as she wants a man to make up her dinner party of fourteen, she has asked me to bring somebody very charming and accomplished and amusing with me. Could I do better than ask you? No false compliments. *Parole d'honneur.*

You noticed, I hope, the sudden deadening of the noise of the wheels as we drove into the main entrance, and that the pavement is of marble. These are tiny matters, but they lead up to the dignity of the interior. In the pillared hall we caught sight of M. Mengay, the manager-in-chief both of Claridge's and the Savoy, crossing to his office. With his grey-peaked beard and courtly manner, he only wants a star and a ribbon to be the ideal of an ambassador.

Madame la Princesse and some of her guests are already in the wonderful blue room on the left of the hall, the reading-room, and, having presented you, we quite agree with her that it is amusing to dine in the Restaurant instead of a private apartment. If you had been a lady, instead of an unobservant man, you would have noticed the wonderful covering of the chairs and lounges, and the delightful panels; but there is no time to talk about this now, for dinner is announced and Monseigneur is offering Madame his arm.

The ladies have gone, as is our insular custom, unattended to the drawing-room, *en Angleterre comme les Anglais*, and we men are left alone, so pull up your chair and tell me what you think of the dinner and your surroundings. Have you not felt as I always do, the dignity that surrounds the house? Whenever I enter Claridge's I feel as if a patent of nobility had been bestowed on me. The waiters, each as well-mannered and silent as a fashionable ladies' physician, each wearing the hotel arms as a badge at the button hole; the high-backed chairs; the heavy hangings to the windows of the old Tyrian purple and deep red; the great arches springing from the walls and broad bases panelled with oak inlaid with

olive wood; the comfortable distance the tables are set apart, and the unmistakably well-bred appearance of the guests; the whisper of music heard in the far distance—you know my theory as to music at dinner—all combine to give the restaurant that convivial stateliness which I hold to be its principal characteristic.

It is not, I trust, *lèse majesté* to our charming hostess to talk over the menu of our dinner to-night. Here it is:—

Hors d'œuvre.
Consommé Sévigné Bisque d'Écrevisses.
Filets de Sole Florentine.
Poularde à la d'Albufera.
Tronçon de Filet de Bœuf Richelieu.
Bécassines bardées à la Broche.
Salade de Saison.
Asperges vertes. Sauce Mousseline.
Ponchardin d'Ananas.
Comtesse Marie. Petits Fours.
Soufflé au Parmesan.
Dessert.

You liked the cooking? No doubt you did. Have not you, as all of the rest of us have done, made pilgrimages to Paris purely and simply to dine at Paillard's? Of course, you have; and here in London you have all the best of Paillard's cookery, for Mons. Nignon, the *chef de cuisine*, ruled formerly at Paillard's.

The *bisque* was as soft as a dairy maid's kiss, and the *poularde d'Albufera* was as different from the barn-door bird cooked by the plain cook as an alderman is from a tramp. The *Bécassines*, too, were delightful. When you order a dinner at Claridge's, never forget that the ices with a hard shell outside, and inside a melting delight of various fused flavours, are one of the specialities of the house.

To-morrow, if we can arrange it, I will ask Mons. Mengay to take us through the kitchen, a great white-tiled series of rooms in the basement, to introduce us to Mons. Nignon, to explain to us the system by which the orders of the dinners for the *table d'hôte* and the restaurant are kept separate, and to show us the freezing rooms and the new arrangements that are being made for the storage of the fish and birds.

Apropos of the *table d'hôte*, I will ask the Manager of the restaurant to let us see what is being served at *table d'hôte* in the twin banqueting hall to this, on the other side of the glass screen.

Here is the menu :—

Hors d'œuvre variés.
Brunoise à l'Écossaise. Crème Marigny.
Noisettes de Turbot d'Aumale. Pommes Nature.
Cœur de Filet de Bœuf à la Broche, Garni Lorette.
Poulet de Grain Poché aux Pointes d'Asperges.
Caille sur Canapé. Salade de Saison.
Chouxfleurs au Fondu.
Ponchardin d'Ananas.
Bombe d'Ananas. Petits Fours.
Fruits.

But Monseigneur is rising from the table, and we must follow.

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It would be unkind to ask you to make a journey to Rome with me simply for the enjoyment of the rest and peace that comes to a battered traveller after a dinner at the Grand Hotel there. You will, perhaps, take my word for what I tell you. One calls a halt in Paris, of course, if one is going from England to Rome, and there the Savoy has a half-way house in the Marivaux. You know of old the little restaurant in the street at the side of the Opera Comique, with its bronze and gold and delicate pink and green ornamentation, and its tropical plants in the double windows. Mons. Joseph still remains director there, and his rule is felt even when he is not present, and the cookery there is equal in all ways to that of the Savoy. Tired and weary one arrives in Rome after the journey through the Alps, to which are added the culinary crudities of the Italian railway station buffets ; or after the nerve-shaking journey from Naples.

The dust and the grime of the journey have vanished, and in clean linen and dinner jacket one saunters into the great glass-roofed winter garden, where the broad-leaved palms form masses of quiet colour, and wonders placidly what there will be to eat at the table d'hôte dinner, for to order dinner in the restaurant would be an exertion. Good it will be as a matter of course, for the table d'hôte dinner at the Grand is the best I have ever eaten in Italy, and I think I may say on the Continent.

Seated at one of the little tables in the dining room, which, with its marble pillars, its pictures let into the walls, its glittering decorations, is a noble room, one takes up the *menu* to see what Mons. Louis, the chef, in consultation with Mons. Pfyffer, the Manager, has constructed.

This is a typical menu :—

Croûte au Pot.
Sigola bouilli—Sauce Mousseux.
Selle de pré-salé Judic.
Volaille au Paprika.
Petits Pois au Beurre.
Mauviettes Souvaroff.
Salade.
Bombe Plombier.
Pâtisserie.
Fruits.

Sitting afterwards under the palms, drinking one's coffee, with the soft music of the band in one's ears, one can understand why, in most of the religions of the world, a preparatory course of purgatory is thought necessary for the proper enjoyment of paradise.

If you are staying in Rome and wish to entertain your friends at dinner, there is no better place than in the restaurant of the Grand, with its lace-like decorations and dainty paintings and panels, or in the handsome red room next door to the restaurant. The cosmopolitan society of Rome knows this, as witness a few of the names of recent dinner-givers : The King of Siam, La Duchesse de Belmont, Mr. Higginson, Comte Vitali, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Le Marquis Medici, Mr. Vanderbilt, Madame Anderson.

The menu of the dinner given at the Grand by the King of Siam, in honour of the Duke of Genoa, will be of interest, so I subjoin it :—

Canapé Moscovite.
Printanier Royal. Bisque.
Truite du Lac au Vin de Musigny.
Poularde de Mans soufflée Théodora.
Noisettes de Béhague Princesse. Pommes. Olives.
Friand de Caneton Grand Hôtel. Sorbet rosé.
Bécasses en Casserole. Salade Japonaise.
Fonds d'Artichauts au Velouté.
Mousseline aux Avelines.
Ananas glacés Orientales. Mignardises.
Corbeilles de Fruits.

A Study in Hotel Decoration.

By HORACE TOWNSEND,
of the "Studio" Magazine.

IT has often struck me that one of the most difficult problems that can be set a decorative designer, is that of treating successfully the interior of a large hotel. The chief aim of the decorator must be to attract and satisfy those who shall be brought into contact with his work, and, by the very condition of things to thus represent, roughly speaking, every taste and every fancy. If, on the one hand, the lines followed are consistent with the principles of that new school of applied art of which England as a nation has every right to be peculiarly proud, the ordinary commonplace Philistine guest declares at once that his surroundings are dull and even ugly, so difficult is it to convince the average man that decoration does not naturally imply ornamentation; if, on the other hand, by glare and glitter the taste of the Philistine is satisfied, then people of more refinement are distressed and worried by what they term the vulgarity surrounding them. There is another factor in the problem, too, which has to be taken into consideration. To strike the right note of the nineteenth century so far as regards hotel life, the idea of luxury, and to a certain extent of sheer expense, must of necessity be struck. To do this, and, on the one hand, to avoid pretentiousness and a too insistent gorgeousness, without, on the other, relying on the technical perfection of the individual craftsman, which is as "Caviare to the general," is a task of no mean difficulty. It was, therefore, with peculiar interest that I accepted the invitation to visit Claridge's and the Savoy Hotel, and to jot down the general impression the interior treatment of these two great establishments made upon me. It was Claridge's to which my attention was first directed, and here it struck me that the artist, Mr. Ernest George, had recognised the very difficulties I have mentioned above, and that he had most successfully grappled with them. He was fortunate in this, that the Hotel appeals only to a certain clientèle, and that clientèle one whose taste and sense of fitness might fairly be relied upon within certain broad limits. There was no question here of catering for the artistic

appetite of those for whom the modern Pullman car forms the ideal of tasteful and effective decoration, but rather of working for the cultured taste of those who are accustomed in their own home to the last word of modern decorative art. Thus it is that the distinguishing virtue of Claridge's interior treatment might be entitled "good taste." From the rich grandeur of the restaurant to the quiet simplicity of the smallest bedroom, there is nothing to jar on one's sense of fitness. Starting on the assumption that a building of this character must be "stylistic" and speak in a language that all can understand, rather than "individualistic," and so confined to the comparative few, it was an exceedingly happy thought of the designer to adopt the so-called "Adams" style as the basis of his work; for he was thus enabled on the one hand to branch off with no marked break to the richer, and, perhaps, more Rococo styles of the late French Renaissance, and, on the other, to descend to absolute plainness and non-architectural treatment. To come to particulars, I was struck with the drawing-room, which if somewhat freely treated, yet cleverly avoids any tendency to the Rococo; but suggests, with its silk wall hangings, matching the furniture in colour and design, the idea of dainty luxury properly characteristic of the purpose for which the room is to be used. More architectural, as it were, but equally applicable and effective is the treatment of the restaurant, with high oak panelling, relieved of heaviness by the well-designed inlay of lighter hued wood, and the picturesque arrangement of alcoves formed by the white arches in delicate plaster relief. A more sombre, but perhaps richer note is struck by the smoking and billiard rooms; in the former, the high oak dado relieved by carved panels, the coffered ceiling led up to from the oak by a blue frieze, effectively stencilled in silver; in the billiard room, the warm embossed leather paper and most interesting frieze of plaster, the curiously original plaster capitals to the square oak pillars which support the heavy beam of the ceiling, and the green leather of the lounges and chairs, forming a striking colour scheme. But it is the suites of rooms, bedrooms and private sitting rooms, which strike the descriptive note of Claridge's. One feeling runs through them all, though there is an infinite variety of colour and detail. The majority are treated in the Adams style, relying not a little for their effect upon the delicacy of the plaster ornamentation upon the ceilings. Some of them have the walls panelled by white plaster mouldings, but in every case the wall hangings are of a striped material, whether paper or silk, to harmonise with the upholstery of the particular room. The door architraves and other permanent fittings are in most cases of pitch pine. In the Royal suite of rooms the wood has been chosen with such exceeding care that the full effect of

the beautifully grained wood is shown to noticeable advantage. This Royal suite however is entitled to something more than a mere mention. Claridge's of course is known as the favourite abiding place of visiting Royalties and therefore these Royal apartments are of more than ordinary importance. It is not therefore unnatural that more pains should evidently have been spent upon their decoration than has perhaps been the case with the more ordinary apartments. The quietness and simplicity which is a characteristic of the entire hotel is here, if anything, intensified. The bedrooms with pink striped wall hangings are delightfully gay and fresh, but by no means elaborate or overdone. The principal bedroom has a most dignified character, the silk hangings to the walls forming the most charming colour combination when taken in conjunction with the rich tones of the mahogany furniture. This in itself is noteworthy, for without any servile copying it seems to have absorbed the spirit and virtues of the best work of Chippendale and his contemporaries, the bed, with its well draped canopy and richly carved mahogany framework, being especially successful. Directly over the Royal suite is a set of rooms which are somewhat more elaborately treated; but which, though likely to appeal to the general public by more florid treatment of white plaster work, richly carved marble chimney-pieces, and French gilt furniture upholstered in flowered silk of French design, impressed me by no means so favourably as the more simply treated rooms below. The general impression afforded by these living rooms of the hotel, is that they are the bedrooms and minor sitting rooms of a well-arranged town house belonging to a rich and artistically-minded owner. That they would appeal to everyone in equal degree may perhaps be doubted, for there are some people who cannot be satisfied without show and glitter. But then these are the very sort of people who are not likely to take up their abode at Claridge's. As I have endeavoured to point out, this same reticent spirit pervades the public reception rooms in equal degree; and yet I cannot say that there is any suggestion of severity or bareness, the necessary feeling of luxury and opulence is quite sufficiently pervasive.

When I came to visit the Savoy, I found that a very different sentiment animated the interior decoration of the place. It must be remembered, in the first place, that the bulk of this hotel was decorated and furnished some years ago, before the new school of decorative art had made its influence so widely felt. It must also be borne in mind that, as one of the best known hotels in the world, the Savoy appeals to a more extended class than does Claridge's. The very treatment of the bedrooms, for instance, clearly marks the difference between the two houses. At the Savoy, while these are just as richly and expensively treated as at Claridge's

there seems to be a striving after a rather more ordinary arrangement. Comfort has been the first consideration, and there is none of that reticence which, as I have said, marks the other house. There is much, however, that is interesting about the public rooms of the Savoy, to which rooms apparently the chief attention has been paid. Here again the note struck is more eclectic and better adapted to the comprehension of the multitude. The heart of the Savoy, to Londoners, at least, is the Restaurant, one of the favourite meeting grounds of "smart" society. Admirably, therefore, does the opulent, but by no means gaudy treatment of this adapt itself to the ordinary circumstances of its use. For this and for the decorative work generally, Mr. T. E. Colcutt is responsible; most of the work being executed by Collinson and Locke, and Mr. George L. Locke being specially associated with the "Pinafore" room referred to later.

The Restaurant, from the floor to the glowing frieze with its high relief work in gold, is panelled in mahogany, the panels relieved by a lighter coloured inlay, and the pilasters enriched by excellent carving; the deeply coffered ceiling, supported by mahogany pillars, glows with silver and gold decoration, and all this serves but to heighten the effect of luxury and comfort, and to form an efficient background for the multicoloured dresses of the feminine portion of the guests. More individualistic perhaps, is the large new Salle-à-manger. This has an arched roof with a central skylight filled with well-designed coloured glass, so arranged that at night time the light streams through the painted glass, revealing its beauties. Some very effective bas-reliefs painted in monochrome are introduced into the side panels of this room and lead down to the frieze, which is flatly treated with a design of conventionally arranged orange trees. At the far end of this room is a fine marble mantelpiece, which is almost monumental in the severity of its treatment. The wall space at the sides of, and above this, is enriched with a flat decorative design, the main feature of which is a conventional treatment of pomegranates. Underneath this dining room is the newly-built combined reception and sitting room, the Italian Renaissance style of which has probably led to its being called the Genoese Hall. As one enters it one is struck by a sense of opulent grandeur, imparted by the heavy coffered ceiling, and the panels enriched by painted figure subjects in heavy tones, while down the side of the room, opposite the windows, an arcade supported by rich red marble pillars, forms a series of alcoves with somewhat sombre tapestry panels set therein. The private dining rooms adjoining the Restaurant and christened after the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, are also worthy of remark, as are the Royal suite of rooms on the floor below. The "Mikado" room is effective with its mahogany dado, surmounted by a richly coloured stamped leather wall-hanging, and

its plaster ceiling, heavily panelled and elaborately decorated. The "Pinafore" room is more modern in treatment. It has a high-panelled dado painted white, the upper panels being relieved by a series of heraldic devices painted in strong colours and gold. The frieze over has a rich raised design in gold on a background of cream colour. The ceiling is of panelled plaster, also treated in a light colour scheme of cream, gold, and buff, while the homeliness of this charming room is increased by the quaintly designed mantelpiece in one corner with an effective arrangement of coloured tiles. The foyer or waiting room across the passage from the private dining room forms an ideal lounging place, the most noticeable feature from a decorative point of view, however, being the fine baronial chimney-pieces of richly coloured marble, and of Italian design.




Dudley Hardy 99

Society and Restaurants.

By Mrs. HUMPHRY, "Madge," of Truth.

IT seems scarcely credible that until the Savoy Restaurant was opened, there was no place where society could sup after the play; not a single restaurant in all London where a man could take his wife or daughter. Small wonder that the fame of the great restaurant soon went abroad, and when the Opera Supper became known, the only difficulty, often an insuperable one, was to find room for all the guests who wished to avail themselves of it. "Supper at the Savoy" became a kind of institution among the smart, and up to midnight the Embankment became lively with the carriages of the great world taking up and setting down at the restaurant entrance of the Hotel. Very shortly after, dinner on Sunday evenings became the fashion, and tended largely to enliven the dulness of our British Sabbath. In a word, the Savoy became the fashion, and those who left it at midnight returned the next day to lunch on the sunny balcony overlooking the Thames and the Embankment Gardens.

It is almost difficult to realise what Society did without the fashionable restaurant, where visitors, while enjoying the most exquisite dishes, could look round upon the tables at which a cosmopolitan assemblage of guests was almost always to be seen. Usually of the highest rank, it was dotted here and there with American and African millionaires, stars of the Paris and English stage and opera, in fact, some of the most interesting people in the world, those at whom everybody was wanting to "have a good look." Is it surprising that the fame of the Savoy went abroad throughout the civilised world? Let us take as a sample one evening in November, when the guests dining there included the following:—Princesse de Sagan, Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Hautpoul, Comte de Gontant Biron, Comte de Perigord, Comte de Gallifet, Lord Alington, Earl of Essex, Lord Rosslyn, Sir George Chetwynd, Sir Charles Hartopp, Lord Molyneux, Lord Brackley, Sir John Poynder, Sir Henry and Lady Meux, Hon. R. Ward, Hon. R. Brett, Baron von André, Lord and Lady de Grey, Hon. F. Egerton, the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Lady Kaye, Duke of Abercorn, Hon. F. Stanley, Major R. Owen, Duchess of Manchester, Sir F. and Lady Colebrooke, Lord Rowton, Lord Coventry, Vicomte de Janzé, Lord W. Nevill, Sir

John Gladstone, Lord Manners, Lady Norreys, R. Moncrieffe, Esq., A. Beit, Esq., R. Maguire, Esq., M.P., Stuart Wortley, Esq., Spencer Brunton, Esq., Duke of Marlborough, Hwfa Williams, Esq., Colonel Carrington, Captain Ellison, Captain Brinton, —. Ralli, Esq., Hon. R. Erskine, Marquise de Gallifet, Hon. A. Bourke, Baron de Tuyll, Gordon Bennett, Esq., E. de la Rue, Esq., C. de Murietta, Esq., H. McCalmont, Esq., and H.H. the Maharajah of Kooch Behar.

As may be imagined the famous Restaurant affords a good study to the linguist. French is quite as often heard as English, German frequently, Russian occasionally. At one moment the softest and most high-bred of voices sounds pleasantly in the ear of the listener. In the next the pretty high-pitched American voice, refined in intonation. A moment later, a piece of the latest fashionable Paris slang is presented to the attentive philologist, and Paris high-class slang is a complete study in itself. Soon after, some high German Transparency will appear upon the scene, speaking French in true Vaterland fashion, the *d* pronounced as *t*, the *b* as *p*. Hindostanee may be the next tongue to fall upon the ear, as some great Indian potentate approaches, followed by his turbaned suite.

Merely to give an idea of the variety of nationalities represented by the guests at the Savoy Hotel, the following list of those who, among many others, have put up there, may serve. It is taken at random from the books where entries of all visitors are made :—

Rajah of Pudutokai, Prince Lubomirski, H.H. Prince M. de Radziwill, H.H. Prince Galitzin, Comtesse Potocka, Lord Warwick, Lord Dunraven, M. de Blowitz, Princess de Sagan, Grand Duke of Leuchtenberg, MM. Ephrussi, H.H. Prince Alexandre d'Oldenburg, Comte de Gallifet, M. Ch. Sabachnikoff, Prince Boris Czetwertynski, Baron Schroeder, M. L. da Cunta de Mancalos, Prince and Princess F. de Lucinge, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the Maharajah of Kooch Behar, Comte de Perigord, Comte de Grammont, Lord and Lady Robartes, Duc Décazes, Marquis della Candelaria, the Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharani, M. Zola, the Infanta Eulalie, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, Comte de Gontant Biron, the Grand Duke of Schleswig-Holstein (brother of the German Empress), Prince and Princess Reuss, Rajah of Kapurthala, Comte A. de Mensdorff, Duc de Sasso, Count Formosa, Madame Patti, Madame Melba, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, His Excellency Baron and Baroness von André, Baron Lazzaroni, Comte Santucci, Mr. Pulitzer, of the "New York World," etc., etc.

To find one-self amidst this *va et vient* from all the corners of the earth is a fascinating experience. On one sunny morning, as we leaned over the little balcony at the top of the steps in the quadrangle, we saw the great Sarah Bernhardt

come out, enter her carriage, and drive away. We heard her exquisite *voix d'or* as she thanked the attendant for carrying her parcels. Immediately after, a splendidly appointed carriage drove up, and was entered by the Duc and Duchesse de Luynes, both as busy as they could be about the marriage of Princess Hélène of Orleans and the Duc d'Aosta. "Monseigneur," the Duc d'Orléans, always made the Savoy his headquarters before his marriage, and still does so when in London. On the occasion of his sister's marriage the quadrangle suggested pages and pages of the "Almanach de Gotha."

The Duc was suffering from the effects of an accident at the time, and went by water the whole way from the Savoy to Orleans House, which had been lent for the marriage by Mr. Cunard. On the evening of the wedding-day there was a royal dinner party at the Savoy, which was certainly a unique event in the history of hotels. It took place on June 25th, 1895, and among the forty-two guests there was not one under the rank of a Serene Highness. Our Princess of Wales and her daughters were present, the Prince joining the company later. He was presiding at a Cornish Club dinner in another room of the Savoy. The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Comtesse de Paris and Princesses Marguerite and Isabelle d'Orléans, the Prince de Joinville, the Comte d'Eu, the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, the Prince of Naples, Duc d'Oporto, and Conte di Torino, the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, the Archduchess Marie Dorothée (now Duchesse d'Orléans), and the Duke of Cambridge, were some of the distinguished guests.

It was by no means the Duke of Cambridge's first visit to the Hotel. He has presided at a great number of regimental dinners there. It was at the Savoy, too, that the late Duke of Clarence made some of his most successful speeches, as Chairman of the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum.

It is doubtful if such an assemblage of French nobility ever before mustered at an English hotel as on the occasion of the funeral of the Comte de Paris in September, 1894. At the Savoy were the Duc and Duchesse de Luynes, the Duchesse de Luynes, née La Rochefoucauld, and the Duchesse d'Uzès, the Prince de Lucinge, the Duc de Doudeauville, the Duc de Bisaccia, the Duc de Lorge, the Marquis d'Hervey St. Denys, and a score or so of Counts and minor notabilities of the Royalist party.

The Savoy Hotel is almost as well known to Parisians as to Londoners. The Paris *Figaro* once said of it that it was in "*le plus beau quartier de Londres*," and that it was the resort of the "*élite de la société anglaise et de la colonie étrangère, la plus exigeante du monde.*"

Some wonderful entertainments have been given at the Savoy. People still

talk of the splendid ball given by the late Mrs. Ayres. In June, 1896, Mrs. W. Portal gave a magnificent dance, at which were present H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Infanta Eulalie of Spain, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster and the Ladies Grosvenor, the Marchioness of Blandford and Lady Lilian Spencer-Churchill, the Marchioness of Ormonde and Lady Beatrice Butler, the Earl and Countess of Yarborough, the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, and many other guests of the highest rank and fashion. Marvellous jewels were worn at this ball.

Mrs. Northcote gave a very brilliant fancy ball; Mrs. F. T. Mackay a very smart and successful afternoon concert, and Mrs. Vagliano a splendid ball that cost over £5,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Hwfa Williams entertained one hundred and fifty guests at dinner on the occasion of the opening of Niagara. They included Lady Londonderry, the Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Cadogan, Lady Howe and her daughter, Lord and Lady Lurgan, Lord and Lady Essex, Lord and Lady Algernon Lennox, Lord and Lady Stanley, Lord and Lady Gosford, Lord Cardross, and Lord and Lady Chelsea.

Mrs. Pawley's ball, with five hundred guests and a cotillion, was another instance of the making of social history at the Savoy. The list of those who have entertained there includes such names as Prince Pless, Baron Hirsch, Duke Ernst Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Lichnowski, the Earl of Craven, the Duc de Dino and Lord Suffield, among whose guests were the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, the Earl of Lonsdale and the Prince of Saxe-Weimar.

During the season of 1898 a very brilliant dinner and dance were given. The tables were all decorated with flowers of a different colour. Red roses adorned that at which the Duchess of Devonshire and Lord Rosebery sat. Pink roses and sweet peas were the blossoms chosen for that of Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, and her compatriot, the Duchess of Manchester; and green orchids with tinted foliage brightened additionally the table that accommodated the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Hartopp and Lady Granby.

In 1899, besides many of the above, the Duc d'Orléans, Prince von Furstenberg, Prince de Czartoryski, Comtesse de Castellane, Comte de Gallifet, the Duke of Manchester, the Marquis of Dufferin, Duc de Brissac, M. Edmond Blanc, Chief Justice Fuller, the Hon. Chauncey Depew, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gould, Mr. George Astor, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and other distinguished guests have stayed in the hotel, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, T.R.H. Prince Francis and Prince Alexander of Teck, and many others have dined there.

A Historical Hotel.

By Mrs. HUMPHRY, "Madge" of Truth.

THE old Claridge's, where more than half the crowned heads of Europe had been entertained, consisted of half-a-dozen houses connected with each other by means of doors pierced in the walls. It was swept away by the re-organising hand of progress, and in December, 1893, Lady de Grey laid the foundation stone of the palatial new building, a consummate mingling of magnificence, luxury, comfort and good taste. London has, of late years, seen a number of magnificent hotels arise, but none of them can compete with Claridge's in the vista of great spaces that dazzles the visitor on entering, in the immense size of the rooms and the luxuriousness of furniture and fittings. The smoking room suggests an old baronial hall or a château on the Rhone in the time of François I. This is, in fact, the period with which everything in the hotel is in correct relation. Even the door handles are Tudor and Queen Anne in design, and the friezes and carvings are of the same solid, symmetrical and elaborately handsome character.

The royal suite of rooms, shut off from the rest of the hotel and provided with a private entrance from the street, has already been occupied, and highly approved, by at least one illustrious guest. The "flats" have taken extremely well, and have in some cases been occupied for weeks in succession, while, in others, the visitors spend three or four days a week in London, then leave for a country house or a trip abroad, almost invariably returning to this agreeable and luxurious *pied à terre*. Among those who have stayed at the hotel since its opening in November, 1898, are the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the Countess Torby, Prince and Princess Radziwill, the Princess Ourousoff, Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt, Prince Alexis Karageorgevitch, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, American Ambassador, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Earl and Countess de Grey, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, the Duke and Duchess de Bojano, Lord and Lady Raincliffe, Comte de Castellane, Baron and Baroness de Stoeckl, Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent, Sir Edward and Lady Sassoon, Mrs. Ogden Goelet and Lady Mary Sackville, Prince and Princess Duleep Singh, Sir Edward and Lady Green, the Countess of Warwick and Lady Marjorie Greville, the Duc de Grammont and Lady Corisande de

Grammont, Viscount Villiers, the Countess of Dunraven and Lady Aileen Wyndham Quin, the Countess of Wilton, Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, the Earl and Countess of Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, the United States Ambassador to Russia and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, Lord Trevor, Mr. and Mrs. Ephrussi, etc., etc. The new Claridge's has made an excellent start, and there is little doubt of its retaining its exalted pre-eminence.

At the Reception and the Concert given at Claridge's Hotel by the Committee of American Ladies in London in aid of the American Hospital Ship *Maine*, on Saturday, November 18th, 1899, an enormous crowd of distinguished personages and celebrities crushed into the spacious rooms until locomotion was well nigh impossible. The folds of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes met and draped everywhere above the Red Geneva Cross. A contingent of the 2nd Life Guards in full uniform and a detachment of the Scots Guards in bearskins, with the drummers and pipers of the regiment, lined the Hall and filled the staircase as a Guard of Honour. Amongst the Ladies' Committee were Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Blow, the Countess of Essex, Madame von André, Mrs. Van Duzer, Mrs. Brown-Potter, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mrs. Bradley-Martin, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Mrs. Earle, Mrs. Feild, Mrs. Haldeman, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Ralph Vivian, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. H. R. Griffin, Mrs. Morton Frewen, and the Duchess of Marlborough. The entertainments were organised by Mrs. Brown-Potter, and the waiting in the tea-room was done by the pretty Miss Edna May, and a crowd of American girls from the "Belle of New York" and the "El Capitan" Companies. All the singers and performers, everything, in fact, were American, not forgetting an American bar. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales allowed it to be announced beforehand that he would honour the Hotel with his presence, and arrived in good time and stayed late. The Prince took tea in the public restaurant, having at his table the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Arthur Paget, and Mrs. Brown-Potter; and they were waited on by Miss Edna May. Other tables had been sold in advance for large sums, those nearest the table reserved for His Royal Highness fetching the highest prices. Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian and the Princess Aribert of Anhalt and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein were at another table; while H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge occupied another with Miss Keyser, Mr. Charles Wyndham, and Miss Mary Moore.



Spirits at the Savoy.

"When Evé picked and Adam fell,
Who was then the maître d'hôtel?"

By L. D. C.

SCENE: *The Savoy Restaurant. About eleven on a Shrove Tuesday evening. It is early yet for supper, but the tables are gradually filling. The eternal clack, composed of the precious whine of the modern young man, the shrill shouting of the smart woman, and the bored growling of her aged admirer, comes as yet in fitful gusts; the full roar has not set in. In the corner by the door behind the glass screen are seated* DRAVIE DRALLAND, *blasé, slangy, subdued, aged 40, in face about 25, in mind about 250, and* MRS. PELLOCINI, *aged 40 to 45, looks 29 and eleven months, says she is an old woman; all the added charm of "has been." She is faultlessly dressed, looking as though she bought her wardrobe every morning and burnt it every night. Her voice has that quality which distinguishes it from other voices; she cannot always make herself listened to, but she can always make herself heard. She eats enormously.*

The table at which these two are sitting is sufficiently large to carry their food and sufficiently small to admit of conversation. A waiter hovers near them, but with a studied air of having no connection with their table. His eyes and ears appear equally unconscious of their presence, and yet, were they to drop a napkin, he would surely catch it before it reached the ground.

A Maître d'hôtel may be remarked hovering in a somewhat wider circle, bending a "Maître d'hôtel" eye upon the waiter. If they are in no hurry, and the service is running exceptionally smoothly, he will advance with courtly manner, lift a plate, a fork or a glass, and replace it again, in presumably a more distinguished, if a hardly different position.

DRAVIE (*rather bored*): What are you goin' to eat?

MRS. P. (*shrilly*): Everything; I've eaten nothing since dinner.

DRAVIE: You ought to take more care of yourself.

MRS P.: I do! I suffer more from care than want.

DRAVIE (*raising an eyebrow, a* WAITER *approaches him with invisible speed*): What shall I drink? (WAITER *hands him the book of wines.*)

MRS. P. (*looking through the glass at a woman of vast proportions, who, with a man of complementary insignificance, is at the moment entering the restaurant*): Bordeaux, Dravie, *pour l'amour de—moi.* I'm too old to drink champagne or eat sweets.

DRAVIE (*following her eyes for an explanation*): Oh! Old Gutters, is it?

MRS. P.: Look at her back. It's an object lesson.

DRAVIE: It's still little Archie, I see.

MRS. P. (*nods*): But I hear——(*here she leans a little forward and becomes inaudible*).

DRAVIE (*signalling to a Maître d'hôtel*): Auguste, what shall I drink? A Bordeaux?

M. D'HÔTEL (*with his finger on a number in the book*): Château Latour, M. Dralland, as you had last Sunday night; I think you liked that—or the Pape Clément soixante quinze—très bons vins, tous les deux.

DRAVIE: Let's have a bottle of the Pape Clément.

M. D'HÔTEL: Perfectly, M. Dralland (*and soon their glasses are half filled with the wonderful liquid*).

DRAVIE (*finishing a draught with evident care: sighing*): Ah!

MRS. P.: What's the matter?

DRAVIE: Better now. I'm rather jumpy to-night. Let's get Joseph to make something pretty.

MRS. P: "Une fantaisie—"

DRAVIE (*to a waiter*): Ask M. Joseph to speak to me. (*Then catching the great Maître d'hôtel's eye, he signals to him:* JOSEPH *gently murmurs in the ear of some one, who laughs; then he comes over to* DRAVIE DRALLAND'S *table, drawing in his lips.*)

JOSEPH: Well, sir, what can I do for you? (*To* MRS. PELLOCINI): Bonsoir, Madame.

MRS. P.: Bonsoir, Joseph.

DRAVIE: Nothing serious, Joseph, quelque élégance pour madame.

JOSEPH: Donner une élégance à madame, c'est porter de l'eau à la mer. (*Here he pauses for a due effect, and* MRS. PELLOCINI *smiles gracefully; then he slips*

away, returning in a moment with an orange, a few flowers, and a narrow but enormously long carving knife. With this he skilfully peels half the orange, leaving a shred joined over the upper hemisphere to make the handle of a little basket. Then with a squeeze and a twist out comes the body of the fruit. Filets, as it were, are next cut deftly with the huge weapon, each one falling with much juice on to a plate; then delightful things are added, and the flowers daintily stuck in to decorate the orange-peel basket. Finally the artfully flavoured pulp is put inside, the whole is placed on a little bed of crushed ice, and the "fantaisie" is sacrificed to Madame.)

(Dravie, *while this is going on, turns round inquiringly: a waiter, instinctively feeling the pulse of the table, is by his side.*)

Waiter: Coffee, sir? Yes, sir.

Dravie: And some "fine."

Joseph (*pausing a moment in his operation, to the* Waiter): The 1820, the Denis Mounie, des grands verres. (*His words to the* Waiter *seem to slip quickly from a scarcely opened mouth.*)

Dravie (*chaffing*): Now, Joseph, is that really 1820 brandy?

Joseph (*after a moment's pause*): Well, sir, to tell you the truth, no! (*then, frankly*) it is 1800!

(Mrs. Pell. *glances at him almost incredulously.*)

We do that because no one would believe its real date! Truth is often stranger than what we put on the bottles!

Mrs. Pell. (*murmurs*): A stranger *to* it, sometimes.

(*The band is now playing in a far-off corner, while* Boldi, *linked to them by some subtle influence, flits from table to table with the melody in his hand and a smile on his face. The tables are beginning to fill up.*)

(*At another table an* Ample Female, *with much jewellery and a party of ten, the women rigid, the men limp: a mental fog envelopes the table. The* Ample Female *alternates between a nervous amiability and a fierce respectability. The host, her husband, scenting failure, has entrenched himself behind an aggressive silence, from which he is rarely roused.*)

Ample F. (*on the entry of a brilliant toilette and two men—snorting, and fanning herself*): Even here, you can't get away from them.

HER HUS. (*with dense hostility and inadequate grammar*): Can't get away from who?

AMPLE F. (*playfully, to the woman on her right*): John always pretends he's so dense. (*She nods to her husband and waves her head towards the magnificent woman with the two men.*)

HER HUS. (*staring stupidly at the persons indicated as though determined not to comprehend, mutters*): Always some mystery!

ONE OF THE SMALL MEN (*a gusher*): Dear lady—(*he is under the impression that this expression alone is sufficient to qualify him as a fashionable man*)—Dear lady, which is Joseph? I always wonder when I come here.

AMPLE F. (*aware that it is his first visit to the modern Palace of Savoy, and also aware of the limitations to her own knowledge*): Oh, don't you know him?

HER HUS. (*aggressively*): *I* don't.

AMPLE F. (*shaking her finger at him with elephantine playfulness, to her neighbour*): Isn't he naughty!

HER HUS. (*ignoring these manœuvres*): Well, where is your Joseph?

AMPLE F. (*nervously, lifting her chin to one side*): There, the tall man with the dark foreign look.

HER HUS. (*unconvinced, muttering*): Tall, short, dark, fair man.

DAUGHTER: (*The last reef in her skirts but lately shaken out; she has been staring at* DRAVIE DRALLAND *for the last ten minutes; suddenly*): That's his third liqueur. (*Very audibly*): Oh, father, look at him! (*The* AMPLE FEMALE *frowns violently.*)

DRAVIE (*fingering his glass*): Joseph was right, this is good. More, Mrs. Pell.?

MRS. P. (*glancing at him critically*): No more.

DRAVIE (*suddenly and nervously*): Hullo!

MRS. P.: What's the matter?

(*A man in armour enters the restaurant accompanied by a woman in mediæval garb; a tall man with a black beard walks crab-like in front of them, his head inclined. Slowly winding their way among the tables nearer and nearer they come to* DRAVIE, *till at last they pass, two silent figures from the middle ages come to life, where he might almost touch them. The "crab" stands at the next table and draws out two chairs. They sit.*)



DRAVIE (*shudders and dips suddenly to his fourth liqueur*): O, nothin', nothin'. (MRS. PELLOCINI *meanwhile looks round quickly, stares for a moment and turns again to* DRAVIE *with a curious look upon her face.*)

DRAVIE (*endeavouring to appear unconscious of having seen anything unusual*): What's goin' to win the cup? (*He glances quickly at the next table.*)

MRS. P. (*eyeing him*): John of Gaunt, I fancy.

DRAVIE (*starting and pretending he didn't*): An outsider?

MRS. P.: Hampton's second string. (*Then pointedly.*) Just entered.



DRAVIE (*jumps again, shoots a rapid glance at her, and starts to speak with decision*): Mrs Pell——

MRS. P. (*still with her half-amused look*): Dravie.

DRAVIE (*with energy, then wavering*): Do you er– er– (*A short pause, during which* DRAVIE *relapses into a troubled silence.*)

MRS. P.: Do I what?

THE VOICE OF JOHN OF GAUNT:

Oh, who
Can cloy the hungry edge of appetite
With bare imagination of a feast?
Bring me the catalogue of food—

THE WOMAN'S VOICE: What 'o!

DRAVIE (*greatly disturbed, pulls himself together once more; with determination*): Do you see—any—any—unusual people here to-night? (*Nervously suggesting with his elbow the man in armour.*)

MRS. P. (*looking round generally*): Not unusually unusual.

(DRAVIE DRALLAND *looks at her anxiously; she remains inscrutable.*)

DRAVIE (*shakily*): Mrs. Pell. Do you see a man in—er—metal clothes—you know - armour?

MRS. P. (*bantering*): Eating veal cutlets out of a silver basket? Oh, yes. I see all there is to be seen.

DRAVIE (*very shakily*): No, but do you see all that *I* see?

MRS. P.: I haven't your eyes, Dravie. You have a wonderful sight.

Voice of J. OF GAUNT: A waiter! A waiter!

DRAVIE (*desperate*): For God's sake, Mrs. Pell., answer the question—*do* you see them?

MRS. P. (*glancing first at the next table and then at* DRAVIE, *as though incredulous*): See a man in metal clothes? (*pretending to be serious*). My dear old Dravie, I'll do a good deal for an old pal, but men in armour (*shaking her head*), I can't swallow them.

(DRAVIE *collapses and pours out about half a tumbler of the 1820.*)

DRAVIE (*feebly and artificially*): Nothin', nothin'—my joke—no point. (*He*

lunges quickly towards the velvet fluid; Mrs. Pellocini *rises effectively, upsetting his glass, which falls off the table and breaks.*)

Mrs. P.: Dravie, it's getting late, I must be off. I'll just go and get my things. (*She leaves him.*)

(Dravie Dralland, *alone, calls for his bill, his eye wandering to the next table: against his judgment he strains to overhear; the armoured figure seems to speak at him.*)

J. of Gaunt: The pouch is empty when the paunch is full!
And empty pockets mean an empty head—
Thou foolish fatal lingerer, away!
(*His eye resting on the door by which* Mrs. Pellocini *left.*)
Had I thy youth—and "cause" I would not stay.

The Woman's Voice (*aside*): Oh, Willie, you are——

J. of Gaunt: A waiter! A waiter!
Old Lancaster's not honoured with much time.
(*The Artist approaches.*)

Joseph (*his arms bent and his hands together, the palms downwards, and the fingers drooping*): How d'you do, sir? (*He gives all the words an equal length.*) How do you like your palace now, my lord?

J. of Gaunt: Not brightlier shone the splendour of Savoy
When Kentish Wat the Tyler fed the flames.

Joseph: It was not built of steel and concrete then!

J. of Gaunt: Yet you've your Burns that Bernard to be Shaw!
But they would rather set the Thames on fire
Than wreck the modern Palace on its banks,
Where men may come to hear the lions roar,
And see them feed——

Joseph: It is gay here, sir, is it not?

J. of Gaunt: Times are as giddy-pacéd as they were
When Edward's ashes smouldered on the throne.
Old Lancaster five centuries agone
Supped with fair Alice Perrers at Savoy!

Alice Perrers: Here we are again, Willie!

J. of Gaunt: *Then* Scurril Langland dubbed her "Maiden Meed,"
To-day she's "interviewed" for all to read!

Alice P. (*the light of intelligence in her eyes*): Like the "Daily Mail" did me you mean! (Joseph *turns to her with an air of interest*) when I took the prize at the show?

Joseph: A Beauty show, Madame?

Alice P. (*archly*): Oh, Joseph! No; let me see (*she thinks, and the light of intelligence passes from her eyes*), I think it was dogs!

Joseph (*to* John of Gaunt): What would you like, sir (*facetiously*)? A porpoise dressed with furmenty, sugar and a little saffron? A tongue of whale aux petits pois? (*He smiles.*)

J. of Gaunt (*reminiscent*):

There is a fish they take at "Aberdeen,"
And so they name it. In the long tedious coil
Of carriage it doth gain an—added savour,
Which slug-nosed sailors call its second flavour.
The spawn of such an one on roasted bread——

Alice P. (*unpoetically*): Oh, chuck it, Will, and call it roes on toast.

J. of Gaunt: Your Will 's to call it what you will, let be——

Alice P: I want something to put my teeth into—a bird 's tasty!

Joseph: Madame would like a "bécasse au fumet?" Yes, sir, you had one the other night; you will bring a souvenir of that to grace the funeral of this. It is admirable. Madame would like it, it is first——(*He is proceeding to describe its preparation.*)

J. of Gaunt (*breaking in*):

Alas the part I had in woodcock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your acclaims!
We will essay again—

Joseph: Et après? Some asperges?

J. of Gaunt: Yes, lay them steaming on their metal beds,
And rain hot vengeance on their tender heads.

Joseph: And then a sweet.

J. of Gaunt: Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour—
Remember, too, we have but half-an-hour!

(JOSEPH *slips away*, DRAVIE *lunges suddenly as though to intercept him, but misses, and relapses into wide-eyed fascination.*)

ALICE P.: What a funny little man is Joseph!

J. OF GAUNT:

And yet they say
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits;
He has the prettiest wit in all the land—
'Tis I that say it and I Gaunt be wrong!

(*There is a sound of broken glass, and a powerfully-built waiter is carried out.*)

DRAVIE DRALLAND (*glued to his table, his fingers twitching but otherwise as motionless as the bird before the snake; he mutters*): Where am I?

J. OF GAUNT: A waiter! A waiter! (*Maître d'Hôtel comes to his table.*)

M. D'H.: Has not a waiter come, sir?

J. OF GAUNT (*ignoring this question*): A waiter! A waiter!

M. D'H.: I have told half-a-dozen different ones to come to you, sir.

J. OF GAUNT (*scathingly*): What are six waiters? they are quickly gone!

ALICE P. (*recklessly*): Let 'em all—go (*she chokes—not undeservedly*).

J. OF GAUNT (*reprovingly*):

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder——

ALICE P. (*gasping*): Oh, pat me—on the—back and—call me Peter!

(*Meanwhile* JOSEPH *serves the "bécasse au fumet."* DRAVIE DRALLAND, *with a despairing effort, his eyes avoiding the next table, rises to go. At this moment a tall man in black with an alarming resemblance to "the* MELANCHOLY DANE," *enters the room; he carries in his hand a skull.* DRAVIE DRALLAND *staggers slightly and sinks back into his chair, his right hand biting at the lappel of his coat.*)

THE M.D. (*to a waiter bitterly*): All this fuss about a chop and mashed.

WAITER (*to another waiter*): Côtelettes et purée de pommes pour monsieur—est-ce prêt?

THE M.D. (*embarrassed with his skull*): Here—take this—er—put it in the cloak room. (*The* WAITER *eyes it suspiciously.*) Well, never mind. (*He puts it into his pocket and strides to his table.*)

(*The room is now nearly full and the rattle of supper is in full swing.*)

(WAITER *presents* JOHN OF GAUNT *with a bill.*)

J. OF GAUNT (*a little depressed*):

To pay or not to pay—that is the question!
The generous temper shrinks with indigestion;
Better to lay the ready on the board,
Than sign to-night with pencil prodigal,
And wake to-morrow with an unpaid debt
To add to some more intimate regret.
(*Gloomily*)
I shall be very different in the morning.
A Waiter! A Waiter! (*Feebly.*)

(*Re-enter* MRS. PELLOCINI: *She comes quickly to* DRAVIE DRALLAND.)

MRS. P. (*shaking him by the shoulder*): What in the world are you doing? come along!

DRAVIE (*feebly*): It's all up. I'm seeing things.

MRS. P.: Nonsense—come—here are the people who want the table.

(*A clatter of laughter and words is heard, and a little knot of people in eccentric costumes crowd through the narrow door, and burst into a bright shower of colour, streaming over the already densely filled room among the tables. Two women in soft loose draperies—one pink and the other black—come round the corner of the screen. A "Pierrot," with a black opera cloak on his arm, and an air of small worry on his plastered face, follows them. A faint scent of Bow Street is wafted on the air.*)

PIERROT (*muttering*): Beastly nuisance; shan't have time to get half a jag!

(*A "Cavalier," looking like amateur theatricals, and two shepherdesses, peer through the glass screen: "Where's our private room?" says the long-haired Stuart. "Pinafore, sir," replies the Waiter.*)

DRAVIE (*his eyes glaring and his fingers convulsive*): Joseph! (*Gasping.*) Joseph, who are all these people? Where am I? What does it all mean? (*He points with uncertain fist at* JOHN OF GAUNT.) I must know the—the worst! Is—is—is it the old brandy, or is that John of Gaunt?

JOSEPH (*smiling complacently*): That, Mr. Dralland? That is Monsieur Willie Blewitt, and to-night is the Covent Garden Ball!



THE SAVOY CAFÉ.

A Déjeuner in the Easter Holidays.

She: I wish our cook at school would come here and take some lessons.
He: Yes; then there would be something worth going back for.

Savoy et Claridge's.

IMPRESSIONS.

AUTREFOIS on disait : "Dis-moi qui tu hantes, je te dirai qui tu es." C'était bon à l'époque où les voyages étaient de véritables évènements dans la vie, et où l'on se contentait des relations de voisinage. Aujourd'hui que, grâce aux communications rapides et commodes, les déplacements sont devenus faciles et fréquents, que le monde a, en quelque sorte, rétréci, comme disent les Anglais, on peut dire avec vérité, "Dis-moi à quel hôtel tu descends, je te dirai qui tu es."

Pour Londres, la réponse est bien simple ; pour les gens du monde, du vrai monde, il n'y a que deux hôtels, le Savoy et le Claridge's. Et quels hôtels ! Qu'ils ressemblent peu aux anciennes hôtelleries de nos pères et même à celles de notre prime jeunesse ! Vous rappelez-vous ces pièces froides et nues, sommairement meublées, plus sommairement décorées encore, qu'un hôtelier grossier nous montrait, d'un air revêche, et que l'on éprouvait le désir invincible de quitter le plus tôt possible ? Alors, on *allait* à l'hôtel ; aujourd'hui on y vit . . . et admirablement même. L'hôtel d'autrefois était une prison, l'hôtel d'à présent est un "*home*" où l'on entre avec satisfaction, où l'on séjourne avec délices, où l'on revient avec plaisir, comme on rentre dans son foyer. Et de ces *homes* provisoires de la vie moderne, il n'en est pas où l'on se sente plus à l'aise, plus chez soi qu'au Savoy ou au Claridge's.

Le Savoy ! Qui donc ne connaît, au moins de nom, le Savoy ? Quel est l'homme du monde, quelle est la femme élégante qui n'y ait passé quelque temps pendant la saison de Londres et qui n'y ait fait de ces repas exquis en regardant, par delà les jardins du quai Victoria, la large Tamise rouler ses flots miroitants sous les rayons d'un joli soleil de mai légèrement voilé par cette douce buée londonienne qui donne aux monuments que l'on aperçoit de la terrasse du Savoy —l'aiguille de Cléopâtre et, plus loin, les clochetons et les tourelles du Palais de Westminster—un aspect vaporeux, léger, harmonieux, comme une voilette sur le visage d'une jolie femme La buée de Londres fond les couleurs, adoucit les saillies trop accentuées et donne aux édifices un air à la fois mystérieux et coquet.

"Pourquoi Savoy?" dira-t-on, et que vient faire la Savoie au milieu de Londres?" Tout simplement ceci: sur l'emplacement qu'occupe aujourd'hui le Savoy Hotel s'élevait autrefois le palais de Pierre de Savoie, oncle d'Eléonore de Provence, femme d'Henri III., et dans ce même palais, Jean le Bon, roi de France, prisonnier du Prince Edouard de Galles—le Prince Noir—mourut au bout de sept ans de captivité.

Le Savoy, un peu terre française par tradition, l'est devenu tout à fait par la cuisine, cet art français par excellence, et Joseph, qui est chargé avec Maitre Thouraud de la direction culinaire de la maison, peut se vanter d'avoir vengé Jean le Bon. Il a conquis là même où l'infortuné monarque a fini ses jours; il a conquis l'Angleterre dans ce qu'elle a de plus aristocratique, de plus élégant, de plus distingué. Joseph est roi, et la *Society* de Londres accepte sans réserve ses décrets.

Joseph est un artiste; Joseph c'est la gastronomie personnifiée et il faut l'entendre exposer ses théories: on dirait un prélat faisant une homélie; il en a l'onction et on sent, à l'écouter, combien il est pénétré de son sujet.

Ah! ces dîners du Savoy, quelles merveilles! D'abord ils ont révolutionné les mœurs anglaises. La société de Londres a inscrit dans son code qu'il est indispensable et du dernier "*smart*" de dîner au Savoy avant d'aller à la comédie ou à l'opéra, et, comme dans la saison il ne se passe pas de semaine où les gens de monde n'aillent une ou deux fois au théâtre ou à Covent Garden, on voit défiler dans le beau restaurant du Savoy tout ce que Londres compte d'illustrations dans la politique, l'aristocratie, les arts, la finance, plus le contingent que fournissent toutes les aristocraties de l'Europe à la société londonienne pendant la saison.

Quel joli coup d'œil, le soir, offre cette belle salle aux boiseries sombres, aux plafonds à caissons ornés de décorations aux tons d'argent et d'or, qui met en valeur les élégantes toilettes des femmes, et fait ressortir la blancheur de leur teint, l'éclat nacré de leurs épaules, les feux des diamants que rehausse encore un éclairage à la fois discret et savant. Aux petites tables, retenues à l'avance, et couvertes de fleurs disposées avec goût, des groupes de femmes en fraîches et brillantes robes de soirée, d'hommes en habit, dont les costumes sombres contrastent agréablement avec les couleurs vives des atours féminins. Voulez-vous des noms? Consultez Burke et l'Armorial; ils s'y trouvent tous, les clients et les habitués du Savoy.

Un restaurant! on se croirait dans un grand château. Tout le monde ici se connaît; tous les dîneurs—j'allais dire tous les invités—sont gens du même "*set*." De personnages douteux, point. Par quel art arrive-t-on à les évincer, je ne sais; mais on n'en voit pas. Constatons, car la chose a son prix, et passons.

Il est huit heures ; pendant que le service se fait dans la perfection—encore une des merveilles du Savoy—sans bruit, sans précipitation, mais rapidement, un orchestre, discrètement, fait entendre un répertoire bien choisi. La musique lointaine aide à la conversation, dissimule les silences parfois gênants et noie, en l'enveloppant doucement, le murmure des voix. . . .

C'est une adorable institution que ces dîners, et il fallait, pour les inventer, une société raffinée comme celle de Londres ; mais où éclate dans toute sa beauté le mérite de cette idée de génie, c'est le dimanche. Quelle ressource, dans ce jour maussade où l'on ne sait que faire à Londres, qu'un dîner au Savoy. Quel plaisir, au sortir des rues embrumées et désertes, de se trouver dans ce restaurant du Savoy, dans cette atmosphère d'élégance, de bon goût, de bonne compagnie ! La soirée passe, les heures s'écoulent, légères Le Savoy a résolu le problème insoluble jusqu'ici qui consistait à passer un dimanche à Londres sans y mourir d'ennui.

Vers onze heures, le Savoy, un moment désert, se ranime pour l'heure du souper. Les théâtres finissent relativement tôt à Londres et une loi un peu trop paternelle veut que, à minuit et demi, tous les établissements publics ferment leurs portes. Bientôt les équipages se succèdent rapidement à l'entrée du restaurant, donnant sur le quai et séparée de celle de l'hôtel et, sur le double escalier aux tapis épais, c'est un bruissement de soie et de velours, un chatoiement de fourrures et de satins. C'est l'arrivée des soupeurs : ministres, diplomates, mondains, militaires, littérateurs.

On devise gaiement, on échange ses impressions, on parle de la pièce à la mode, de la cantatrice en vogue, on se répète les échos de la cour et de la ville, comme on disait au grand siècle, et l'on organise des parties pour le lendemain. Le Savoy, à l'heure du souper, c'est le Parlement du grand monde Britannique.

Tout à coup la lumière électrique a une défaillance très courte, mais suivie aussitôt d'une seconde plus prolongée cette fois. Comment ! déjà ! L'heure a sonné. Ces intermittences d'éclairage sont une façon de prévenir les habitués que le moment de se retirer est venu. C'est dur, mais c'est la loi. Lentement la salle se vide et, bientôt, sur l'escalier, on échange rapidement quelques bonsoirs. On se presse à la porte, les voitures défilent, un joli frou-frou, des formes gracieuses, penchées, s'engouffrent avec un ballonnement de jupes dans les coupés dont les portières claquent avec un bruit sec, un roulement sonore, le heurt cadencé des pas des chevaux sur le sol. . . .

Et le long des quais qui dessinent de leurs cordons de lumière la courbe harmonieuse du fleuve, coupée d'autres chaînes lumineuses formées par les ponts, c'est

un égrènement de voitures emportant vers les quartiers de l'Ouest l'aristocratique clientèle du Savoy Hotel.

* * * * * * * * *

Il y a quelque vingt ou vingt-cinq ans, les continentaux qui venaient à Londres étaient ou des princes parents et alliés de la famille royale d'Angleterre, des hommes d'Etat, des diplomates de haut rang, des membres des aristocraties européennes ou des négociants et des commerçants que leurs affaires appelaient en Angleterre. Ces derniers se logeaient où ils pouvaient, dans ces hôtels britanniques qu'a décrits Dickens, les premiers descendaient au Claridge's Hotel.

Le Claridge's c'était l'hôtellerie royal et princière par excellence. Situé dans Brook Street, cet hôtel aristocratique se composait de plusieurs maisons bourgeoises communiquant les unes avec les autres et d'un aspect un peu maussade. Pendant une trentaine d'années, le Claridge's eut pour hôtes habituels le roi Léopold 1er, le roi de Hanovre, le Duc de Brunswick, pour ne citer que les plus connus, au courant de la plume ; en un mot, tout ce que l'Europe a compté de personnages illustres.

On pourrait, en feuilletant le livre des visiteurs du Claridge's, reconstituer, à défaut d'autres documents, l'histoire diplomatique et politique de la seconde moitié de ce siècle ; on y retrouverait tous les noms de ceux qui ont joué un rôle important dans les affaires de l'Europe.

Il y a trois ou quatre ans, une association, y compris quelques directeurs de la Société du Savoy Hotel, parmi lesquels on comptait le Lord Chambellan, Lord Lathom (mort récemment), eurent une idée excellente. Ils achetèrent l'ancien Claridge's et firent construire, sur l'emplacement du vieil hôtel, un vaste et élégant bâtiment qui est aujourd'hui le Claridge's Hotel, renouvelé, rajeuni, et qui, vers la fin de 1898, comme le phénix renaquit de ses cendres.

S'il s'est modernisé quant à son apparence extérieure et à son arrangement intérieur qui offre le summum de l'élégance et du confortable modernes, le Claridge's est resté ce qu'il était autrefois, l'hôtel royal et princier par excellence.

J'ai assisté à l'inauguration du Claridge's que j'ai visité de fond en comble sous la conduite du gérant, M. Mengay, qui m'en fit les honneurs avec une parfaite courtoisie. Il y avait là le "Tout Londres des premières," et c'était une véritable première, en effet, que l'ouverture du nouveau Claridge's. Il n'y eut qu'une voix pour déclarer que jamais, jusqu'à présent on n'avait atteint à une si haute perfection dans l'art d'offrir l'hospitalité à une clientèle de choix. La décoration, qu'il s'agisse des salles communes ou des appartements particuliers, est d'un goût exquis. Rien de criard ni de clinquant. Partout de riches étoffes, des couleurs bien choisies, des tentures bien drapées et des meubles assortis à la décoration. Ici, du Louis XV. pur, là, de

l'Empire, plus loin du Sheraton, ailleurs du Georgien et de l'Adams. Et je ne parle pas d'un véritable palais, l'appartement royal, destiné aux rois en déplacement, séparé de l'hôtel proprement dit, avec entrée particulière, qui est une merveille de luxe de bon aloi, tout simplement.

Tout cela est arrangé avec une science du confortable, une entente des nécessités et des commodités de la grande vie absolument incomparables. Avec une prévoyance et une connaissance du métier on ne peut plus rares, les directeurs n'avaient rien oublié, et, dès le premier jour, dès la première heure, le Claridge's fonctionnait comme une maison ouverte depuis dix ans.

A partir de ce moment, le Claridge's a commencé une carrière de prospérité qui va croissant de jour en jour. Les aristocraties des deux mondes s'y recontrent comme elles se rencontrent dans les salons et dans les cours de l'Europe.

On ne soupe pas au Claridge's ; on y est trop loin des théâtres et, d'ailleurs, cela ne serait pas dans la tradition. Nous sommes en Angleterre, pays de précédents et rien n'autorise une pareille innovation dans cette maison aristocratique. Mais on y dîne dans la perfection. M. Mengay, qui (l'ai-je dit ?) dirige à la fois le Savoy et le Claridge's, a donné à ce dernier établissement, comme chef de cuisine, M. Nignon de chez Paillard, ce qui a fait dire à un Parisien bien connu que bientôt on ne pourra dîner qu'à Londres.

En attendant que nous en soyons là, le Claridge's est tout spécialement l'hôtel de ceux qui, venant à Londres pour la saison, sont trop heureux de pouvoir s'installer dans un appartement luxueusement meublé sans avoir besoin, comme autrefois, de louer une maison entière qu'il fallait monter, et pour laquelle il fallait trouver tout un personnel domestique. Tous ces ennuis sont supprimés par le Claridge's. Madame amène sa camériste, Monsieur son valet de chambre, et tout est dit. Ils ont au Claridge's une maison toute prête, une chère exquise, des vins délicieux.

Et tout cela à deux pas de Grosvenor Square et de Piccadilly, de Bond Street et de Hyde Park, au centre de toutes les élégances, de tout le luxe, de toutes les splendeurs de Londres.



The Savoy Hotel and Restaurant.

By W. C. K. W.

NOTHING is more remarkable among the many changes that have crept into this end of the century in England than our growing love for, and adoption of, Hotel life and comforts. Our forefathers knew no Hotel save Home, and growled and grumbled with rare incision whenever fate or fortune led them to "camp out." In truth, there was good reason for their protests, and their praises of the comforts of Home; for in those severe days of Spartan simplicity there were no Hotels worth the name. The cosy Country Inn yet had its old-fashioned charm, but half a century ago, it is safe to say, there were no Hotels, as we understand the word, at all in London. However, first the Continent and then America spoke to us; we travelled and gradually got over our insular prejudices, faced the fact that Home Cookery could be fairly beaten by experts, and that the "Hotel de Luxe" was the future Home of the coming race. Then began the great springing up of Hotels in London, chiefly round and about Charing Cross; and to crown the series we make bold claim to say our Savoy stands as the highest and most renowned of all these later-day Public Palaces.

It is one of the recognised delights of the educated Londoners and the cultured visitors of all nations who come to our town, to sit, as we will imagine ourselves sitting now, on the famous Savoy balcony, by this beautiful bend of the River Thames. We are looking over the noblest river and garden view that the ever-broadening stream can give us as it collects its mighty energies together for its last sweep seaward. Far up to the right of the mystic monolith that claims to be Cleopatra's Needle, the river curves through Westminster Bridge, past the Houses of Parliament, past Lambeth Palace, until it is lost in the silver distance, where, on a fine day, we can catch a glimpse of the undulating Surrey Hills and the Towers of Sydenham. To the left it flows past the Temple to where St. Paul's "looms like a bubble o'er the town," and the grim, square Tower of London makes feeble effort at a sullen frown. There is no view like it in London; none that I know of in Europe can match with it; and it is a view that can never be

ruthlessly "built out"—for the gardens of the people that lie between us and the water are leased to London for ever and a day.

Whether glistening in sunlight, white with snow, or gleaming at night-fall with myriads of yellow lights, as it were a scattered necklace of yellow topaz, the Savoy view is ever unique, and, as you see, is as immortal as London itself.

Now, while you discuss the good things of culinary art, set before you by this skilled staff of waiters, let me tell you something of the history and the wonders of this ambitious and successful scheme. The original aims were indeed of the magnificent order, quite such as would have delighted the heart of old Egypt's Queen of Luxury whose signature in stone faces us, and the undoubted success of the Savoy in its efforts to cater for the cultured is now part of London history.

The *cachet* that attaches to the Savoy has been recognised by modern journalists of all nationalities. Here, for instance, is an excerpt from the impression produced in the keen mind of M. Arthur Heulhard, of the staff of the Paris *Figaro*, in his interesting articles on *La Saison*:—"Quel rôle il joue maintenant dans la 'season,' ce fantastique Savoy! On ne la conçoit plus sans lui. Il l'a, pour ainsi dire, renouvelée en suspendant la vie intime du 'home' pour y substituer la vie extérieure, dans une mesure élégante, polie et discrète, qui devait abattre les scrupules de l'aristocratie anglaise. Le Savoy n'est pas seulement le prototype de l'hôtel 'æsthetic' comme on l'entend aujourd'hui. Par son Restaurant, il est une exception dans le monde; pour le high-life, il fait positivement partie des monuments publics."

Let me throw a little more light on my enthusiastic *confrère's* amiable criticism. "We will go just as far as we can," said the original little band of popular pioneers, including our great composer, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. T. P. Chappell, the music publisher, Mr. Michael Gunn, proprietor of the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, and Mr. R. B. Fenwick, ship and colliery owner, with Mr. D'Oyly Carte at their head, when they laid prophetic eyes on the historic plot of ground under your feet that had been lying a waste and a wilderness for fourteen years. Wisely rejecting their first idea of building residential flats, they soon elaborated the initial notion of a vast Hotel and Restaurant. The Hotel, of which we will first treat, was designed to embrace suites of rooms, each suite compact, comfortable, and complete in itself, such as exist in a few Continental Hotels, and generally in all the great Hotels of the greatest hotel country in the world, America. Accordingly, the Savoy, on the Hotel side, where there are no kitchens, is laid out in such suites right up to the top; a suite comprises private sitting-room or rooms,

one or more bed-rooms, private bath-room, lavatory, etc. Each set is thus a little home in itself. They are all equally good; those nearest the sky are just as spacious and lofty as those on the ground floor, and are furnished with equal elegance. That is why the charge is the same for a set just under the roof, and if you elect to live "up aloft" you get the benefit of the larger view and the clearer air, and no "getting-up stairs" dread need deter you from so bold a flight, for "giant lifts" or "ascending rooms," made by the American Elevator Company, are ready to take you up and down at all hours of the day or night. They never stop, they are absolutely safe, and the transit from earth to the realms above is swift, smooth, and pleasant. This is decidedly the finest elevator service yet seen on this side of the Atlantic.

The continuity of supply and force is a remarkable feature. There is a continuous and unfailing supply of hot and cold soft water right through the vast structure. There is a continuous supply of electric light; this Hotel was the first to introduce an all-night service of light, and the lamps used are not the old glaring ceiling lights, but delicately shaded lights placed half-way up the wall, and a shaded lamp for each bedside; so that the oft-maligned man who "reads in bed" can do so with easy comfort, and with no fear of setting himself, his sheets, or his fellow-guests on fire. As for the water supply, seeing that our picturesque Thames is, with all due respect to the Water Companies, more artistic than sanitary, the Company sunk an artesian well, over 420 feet deep, whence they draw clear, cold, soft, pure drinking water, no despicable boon, ready filtered by Nature herself; this supply is also constant and unvarying, and the whole chain of continuity is set in motion by the special machinery contained in one engine-house—the great pulsating heart of the huge frame—that never ceases its labours. Thus we see that science gives to the Savoyard dominion over the true "slaves of the lamp," as well as over the powers of water, and the occult gift of "levitation!" For these things, and for constant skilled attendance, they make no charge whatever. The old Hotel notion of exacting special payment for the three necessaries of life: baths, lights, and attendance, is happily abolished, and the prices of the rooms are arranged so as to cover all these antique "extras."

Should the guest desire strict privacy, he or she can communicate by a speaking-tube with the Restaurant side, and breakfasts, luncheons, dinners—anything from a cup of tea to a "cocktail" from the American bar—will come in the twinkling of an Embankment lamp. This, the Hotel side, stands to the right and front of the great Central Courtyard of 6,000 square feet. Here, surrounded by palms and flowers, and the tall white walls of tiles, a fountain

splashes idly all day, at night gleaming with magic lights, and ever providing a resting place for all who desire *al fresco* quiet. As you look at these high white walls you can be serenely conscious that no fear of fire can disturb your meditations. There is no room for the fire-demon here, for you are living in a house which is practically made of incombustible materials throughout. All floors and partitions are made of cement concrete, and there is no wood in the building save in the doors and window frames, and the rich deep mahogany panels of the Restaurant where you are now sitting. Moreover, as a further assurance, you learn that there is not a spot in the building from whence there are not two or more exits in diverse directions. Solidly and scientifically constructed by the best experts of the day in all their various departments, the artistic side has received worthy recognition. Note the warm panelling of the Restaurant already mentioned, that makes the popular place so cheerful and cosy in the evenings, the ever-varying designs and decorations that embellish the sumptuous suites, the attractive comfort of every piece of furniture, the pervading sense of graceful pride that the Savoy seems to take in itself, and you will be quick to recognise that no time, thought, nor money has been spared to bring the whole environment into happy harmony.

Another interesting picture consists of the continuous balconies circling every story, railed off for each separate set of rooms, from each of which you can pleasure yourself with the ever-changing aspects of the great River view. Billiard-rooms, a Ball-room suited for Private Theatricals, Hair-dressing Saloons, Ticket Offices for all manner of ticket issues, be it to New York by the next "ocean greyhound," or to a theatre by the nearest hansom, are all to be found on the Courtyard level, and, in short, the Genius of Civilisation seems to have come to the Savoy, and "come to stay."

Now let us turn to the Restaurant. Here we have the cult of *la haute cuisine* brought to the highest pitch of perfection. When the Savoy was opened, there was a great want of a rendezvous specially adapted to the nice requirements of the true connoisseur, one to attract the most wealthy transient and resident population, and making special appeal to the group of "the best people"; and though the number of first-class restaurants has increased and multiplied since, incited thereto by the success of the Savoy, founded on its methods, and copying its leading features, the Savoy still stands "unique," and is admitted to be at the very top as regards perfection of cuisine —the *haute cuisine* of France, mind, and none other. A feature of the greatest importance and advantage to the Savoy Restaurant, one which it alone in London enjoys, is that the kitchen is on the same floor as the Restaurant, and only separated

from it by a Service Room of about 18 feet across: which room is provided with independent ventilation, and hot plates. Thus, the dishes can be placed with exceptional rapidity fresh from the hands of the Chef on to the table of the consumer. As all *gourmets* know, with many of the products of the *haute cuisine* this means salvation, and the inevitable delay of getting up stairs or up lifts means destruction. Furthermore, and of hardly less consequence, by this construction all kitchen smells in the Restaurant are absolutely avoided. All who know what good cooking is, to what perfection the "*Geste culinaire*" can be brought by master-minds, and what well-chosen wines in perfect condition are, have brought in a verdict in favour of the Savoy cookery. It is quite the fashion for the frequenters of the Savoy to take the excellent *déjeuner*, or dinner, or supper of the day in preference to ordering separate dishes, for they repose, and wisely repose, trust in the watchful management that day by day plans and produces these charming little feasts, and a host can ask the most fastidious of his friends to eat with him at a moment's notice, conscious that no *plat* will be set before them save such as has received the *cachet* of the culinary authorities—a body of officers much too proud of their art to peril their well-won reputation by the slightest error. If the noble order of the "Blue Cord" could, with strict historic propriety, be worn by them, it should of right decorate every white-aproned member of this unique staff.

Come with me and take a peep "behind the scenes" of this Temple of Gastronomy. The great Chef has no less than thirty-six *sous-chefs* under his command, to say nothing of the lesser rank and file of assistants; and he it is who gives daily and nightly design to the ever-changing table attractions. He serves, in the Restaurant alone, some 250 dinners a day, a like proportion of "little suppers." He is particular to a nicety in all matters of minute detail; so much so, that if he can't get the exact right sort of small white turnip he wants in England he promptly sends to France for it. With him we visit his kitchens, or rather, his laboratories—all is clean, bright, and scientifically "up to date." Here he works his spells, using gas, coal, wood, and steam as various heat-producers. Here is he the Lord of the Furnaces, who can grill a split smelt as deftly as he could roast a whole ox. The mysteries are explained to us; the hot tables, the neat discipline that obliges your waiter not only to give your order, but to wait for its prompt execution, and bring your pet *plat* back to you with the rapidity and devotion of a Queen's Messenger, and the perfect system of divided labour. Each cook is a specialist and has a function peculiar to himself. The tiniest bit of fantastic *pâtisserie*, the smallest scrap of crystallised fruit, are each and all made at home by specialists. The carefully-selected food of the day lies in cool grottos of ice,

and as we move from grill to furnace, from kitchen to kitchen—for there are many of them—we recognise that our Master Cook has complete control of the rival powers of heat and cold. His cooks seem to share his spirit of enthusiasm —one of the Savoy secrets of success. Your *gourmet* may come here with confidence, may invent, suggest and design for himself, and the six-and-thirty cooks will give noble expression to his wildest imaginings. Just a story as an example. A famous sporting wager included, as a condition of the bet, an obligation on behalf of the winner to give to a select dozen of friends "the very best dinner in London." The order for the banquet was given *carte blanche* to the Savoy. It was, of course, a perfect marvel; and what with the wines, and the exotic flowers, and growing fruit trees, and a veritable pic-nic *parterre* of real grass, and the absolute best of everything, the bill for that dinner crept up honestly to £15 a head. This shows you how far the Kings of Extravagance can go when in the mood. But a more sensible point is that the very next day these self-same monarchs lunched, with gentler emphasis, on the balcony for a few modest shillings. Here you can be as moderate as a monk or as luxurious as Lucullus; can feast or fast with equal pleasure at your will, and play the Spartan or the Sybarite as your conscience and your appetite dictate. This is the true Savoy cult.

The *cuisine* is cosmopolitan, the foods of almost all nations, and their special methods of preparation, being at your command; but the dominant tone, the "note" of the work, is High-class French.

The list of the *habituées* of the Savoy includes the names of some of the highest in the land. Not only the magnates of the nobility, but Princes and Princesses, Royalty itself, frequently find their way to the House on the Thames, and always express themselves as having been as right royally served as is their due; indeed, during the Season there is almost a Club-like character about the place, so esteemed is it of the wisest fashionables of our day and generation. It is a place where the passing visitor from foreign shores is certain to see important "somebodies," and "personages" of note and distinction in art and letters, as well as social standing. It is a centre where the curious in such matters can see modern life at its best, and you may rest assured that when you are at the Savoy you are of necessity in good company. It can fairly lay social claim to the old classic text, and vaunt as its motto, "*Noscitur a sociis.*" This means, my fair readers, in more homely Anglo-Saxon, that "all the birds of the very best feathers here flock together." It is for you to judge of the beautiful building of their nest.

Rome and Roman Society.

By B. PISANI.

"Oh Rome, my country! City of the Soul!"
Lord Byron—"Childe Harold" Canto.

SINCE Lord Byron found the musical expression of an inarticulate though very general feeling, I believe most of us, when we think of Rome, almost unconsciously find on our lips the beautiful opening verse of "Childe Harold's" canto.

It has indeed a strange, powerful charm, the old city. All the seething fulness of modern life cannot mar the calm majesty of past centuries. The old life still beats powerfully in the town of the Popes, and its loveliness has a peculiar characteristic greatness. Like all things really beautiful, it seems to belong morally to all the world; it has a wide spiritual cosmopolitism, very different and more noble than anything this word may express when referring to other towns.

Whatever your first impression may have been, the town grows upon you, the charm works unerringly and rapidly. One gets to love Rome as one loves no other city, almost as one loves a living being.

Give me a sunny Roman day—a coloured, scented mass of flowers crowding the steps of Bernini's fountain in Piazza di Spagna—the "living joy" of the flowers and the water, under the intensely luminous blue of the sky. . . . I can think of nothing more perfect in the world! And then the old Palaces of Rome have ever some new tale to tell of the life beating within them. The everlasting fight of past and present going on unceasingly, not so much on the surface as in the depths, lends a quaint peculiar flavour to Roman life, if you get at all near it. It seems strange how they can go on at all, these two adverse currents, running so fearfully close together; and you are astonished to think what a power of tact and clever diplomacy on both sides is needed to keep the surface unruffled.

Do you remember seeing any of the beautiful prints of the past century? They have a rich golden-russet tone, and give you a very precise feeling of the life of their times in their somewhat elaborately overwrought style. They are mostly pictures of streets and squares, with palaces in the background; Cardinals and Prelates driving past in gorgeous carriages; processions of priests and nobles in rich costumes.

Well, the olden gilt barouches do not certainly cross the modern railway tracks, but in the Vatican the Roman Princes still wear their short puffing velvet breeches and their Spanish friezes and cloaks; and in the wide dusky halls of their palaces the dais, with its large crest and coronet, hangs as of old.

Few of the Roman princes have gone over to the Italian crown, they remain staunchly loyal to their lord, and, as a proof of it, keep proudly to their old forms of etiquette. For their countrymen, the Roman aristocracy is certainly the proudest and most exclusive. Italians say, in fact, "as proud as a Roman prince." The thirty years which have elapsed since Rome was conquered and declared capital of Italy have scarcely altered or pacified things. Roman society remains divided in two camps, the "black" and the "white"; clericals and royalists stand just as wide apart as ever; but their respective attitude towards each other differs somewhat. The clericals stand back rigidly, like a sort of living reproach, brazenly ignoring everything that relates to or belongs to the new power; whilst the "whites" try to give as little importance as possible to their vanquished political adversaries, and seem willing to meet them half way.

The members of the clerical society scarcely entertain at all. The strictest of them have kept their drawing rooms closed in sign of mourning ever since 1870, and their intimate receptions are still what they used to be thirty years ago; a little court apart, keeping to its old etiquette and somewhat faded splendour, graced by the princes of the Church, cardinals and prelates, who are often the most charming of society men, as they are the cleverest of diplomats. The strictly "black" aristocracy is not very numerous; the heads of the princely Roman families, whose offices at the Papal Court run down in direct inheritance from father to son, have remained faithful to the Vatican. Their sons lead a life of almost forced inaction. Most of the great fortunes have suffered severe losses; yet, in spite of this, the young clerical nobles have few careers open to them. They cannot join the army or navy, because to them it is an army of usurpers; and if they lend their one year's unwilling service in the "volunteers," it is only because the law orders it. Diplomacy is equally closed to them, as they cannot accept any situation having anything whatever to do with the State. This attitude of mute hostility must be rather trying, specially when you think that it must often be a question of partial estrangement between members of the same family, as many of the cadet branches have gone over to the crown. They have not, of course, broken their intimate intercourse with their relations, but there is ever a deep gap between them.

Naturally the "white" aristocracy, with nothing to regret or to mourn for, entertains widely enough. The rustle of silks, the passing smile of pretty faces, the

merry sound of voices and steps often enliven the solemn grandeur of many a wide marble staircase and princely court. But few of the members of the clerical society ever attend these receptions. Some of the women and younger men are, indeed, a little less strict—Rome would have so little pleasure to give them if they kept so absolutely to themselves! But even they do not appear if the entertainment be at all official or if any of the Royal Princes or Court officials be present. Of course, it is useless to say that they equally do not attend the parties given by the foreign embassies. The Vatican has its own embassies and recognises no others—every catholic country, and some of the great Protestant Powers like Germany, have two quite separate embassies in Rome. The position of the two respecting each other is somewhat awkward, as they are fain to ignore each other completely; and their members, however friendly their mutual private relations may be, can have no intercourse in public life.

This state of things, that reminds us rather of old feuds in the middle ages, seems strange in a modern capital; still it is an undeniable fact. If it lends a quaint, old-fashioned flavour and zest, a very peculiar character and interest to a society which otherwise would be exactly like the society of any other large town, it is nevertheless a matter of regret and anxiety to every true Italian and every sincere friend of Italy.

The causes are deep and intricate. It is certain that the black and white aristocracy can only meet on friendly terms in Rome on a sort of neutral ground; *one* thing often does bring them together—it is the beauty and wit and high spirits of foreign women—American women first and foremost; their charm smoothes the way, and every political controversy is forgotten.

You could easily be convinced of this fact by looking in towards tea time, at the elegant crowd gathered in the beautiful conservatory of the Grand Hotel, or round the richly decorated tables of its Restaurant, at night. You might often see there, fascinated by the same lovely eyes and girlish gaiety, a gentleman-in-waiting of the Queen and one of the Holy Father's "Camerieri segreti" talking side by side in the same circle on most friendly terms—the Grand Hotel is indeed that neutral territory I was speaking of just now. It is like meeting on foreign ground. The prodigal display of beauty, elegance and everything that position and wealth can give, the ever varied life and movement, the crossing of many different tongues, amongst which the English language always predominates; the rich tasteful comfort of the rooms; everything, in short, helps to make you forget exactly where you are—might it not be Paris, London or New York?—A more pleasant, comfortable, brilliant "place de réunion" could not be found, and Roman society has soon learnt to appreciate it. It has become quite the rage for smart men and women to take their five o'clock tea, to give their dinners and suppers at the Grand Hotel—and you are sure to meet

more of the very flower of Roman society in a day there, than you would in a month by visiting private houses. Certainly the number of smart, lovely women you invariably come across in the halls of the Grand Hotel has something to do with Roman society's marked favour for it. How many a charming American or English girl has gone from there only to grace the drawing rooms of some stately old Roman Palace? Clericals and Royalists—black and white—you are apt to forget that any such thing really exists just outside the doors of the Grand Hotel.

But there are few paths that women's grace and charm cannot smooth; and what is it that a pair of bright eyes cannot make you forget?

ANALYSIS OF THE ARTESIAN WELL WATER OF THE SAVOY HOTEL.

I have analysed the sample of water sent to me from the Savoy Hotel on September 21st, 1889.

The water is clear, bright, and almost colourless, and is a potable water of high organic purity. Being soft, it is of first rate quality for washing purposes.

There is not the slightest trace of lead, even in the water which has been standing for some time in the lead pipes.

ANALYSIS.	Grains per Gallon.
Free Ammonia	·044
Albuminoid Ammonia	·003
Nitrogen as Nitric Acid	·010
Oxygen absorbed from a solution of permanganate of potash at a temperature of 80° F. in 15 minutes	·002
Do. in 4 hours	·017
Hardness before boiling	3·90
Do. after boiling	·34

MINERAL ANALYSIS.	
Bicarbonate of Soda	12·82
Sulphate of Soda	16·63
Chloride of Soda	17·61
Carbonate of Lime	2·72
Carbonate of Magnesia	1·94
Nitrate of Magnesia	·06
Silica	·99
Carbonate of Iron	·80
	53·57

October, 1889. **J. H. PAUL, B.Sc.**

Special Features

OF THE

Savoy Hotel and Restaurant.

THE first special feature of this institution is its exceptional position at the bend of the river by Cleopatra's Needle, enjoying, as it does, from its front windows and the restaurant terrace, what is probably the finest garden and river view in Europe, a panorama from Battersea to the Tower Bridge; by day, in all weathers, in sunshine or rain or in the fogs loved by Mr. Whistler, a thing of beauty; by night, with the myriads of lamps twinkling along the edge of the river, a fairy scene. No other such position can be now obtained for such a building, and it can never be deprived of it. The "thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

The next point which claims notice is the absolute and perfect quiet. The Savoy is not surrounded by the noisy clatter of a main thoroughfare; the hum of the busy town is only a far-off murmur, and in any part of the Hotel, as quiet a night's sleep can be got as if far away in the country.

The Savoy was the first hotel in the world the building and construction of which were thought out with a view to securing every perfection of modern luxury and comfort in living; it, indeed, anticipated many such features which have since been found to be almost necessities. First of these is the number of bath rooms. Before the Savoy, there was no hotel in Europe which had more than two or three bath rooms on each floor; which rooms, therefore, visitors had—a most objectionable thought—to share with others, waiting their turn in dressing gown, with sponge in hand, peeping out of half-opened doors. In the Savoy, a spacious bath room—a private bath room—was arranged to every suite of rooms. The Hotel is, indeed, chiefly built in suites of private sitting room, one or more bedrooms, and bath room, so that visitors can enjoy the same comforts of privacy—or nearly so—when they desire it, as in their own houses or flats, with the advantage of being able to step out from this privacy into scenes of gaiety in the restaurant, café, and public rooms when they feel so inclined.

The Savoy was the first hotel in the world to abolish gas altogether, and to have the electric light kept on all night, instead of guests having to strike matches, light up candles, or turn on gas after 11.30 or 12 o'clock. It was the first hotel to adopt shaded electric light everywhere, including shaded electric bedside lights; thus avoiding glare and enabling everyone to indulge in the much-abused but delightful habit of reading in bed, and being able, be it understood, to turn out and on their light without getting out of bed and wandering about in the dark. This, like so many good "Savoy" innovations, has been copied everywhere since.

The Savoy was the first hotel in which a careful and successful attempt was made to furnish the rooms in the manner of a nobleman or gentleman's private house, without the disfiguring placards, preposterous pictorial decorations, etc., which are so offensive in the bulk of hotels. In place of the usual atrocities will be found artistic sideboards, chiffoniers and cabinets, mantel-pieces designed by Mr. Colcutt; Morris's and Jeffreys' wall papers; De Morgan's, Delft, and other artistic pottery, Japanese and China porcelain, no barbarities of green and red wine glasses, and nothing to jar on cultivated tastes, and sensitive nerves. It takes time to get these things appreciated, and a large bulk of the public requires educating up to them. But this has been done, and is continuing, and the reputation of the place in these respects is fixed.

The Savoy is the first hotel in the construction of which a carefully considered scheme was made for a complete artistic decoration of the whole of the interior. In this, as in the more homely ideas of comfort above referred to, consideration has been chiefly given—entirely one may say—to those *inside* the hotel. They are the persons to be considered. They do not stand outside and stare at it, but they spend their time and live inside it. The hotel was therefore designed "from the inside," if such an expression, which conveys what is intended, may be used. The outside, the elevation in fact, springs entirely from the internal arrangements. The exterior was therefore kept as simple and plain as possible, some artistic ornament being used along the balconies, and that being about all. The main endeavour was to get a thoroughly artistic and satisfying internal decoration everywhere. At much trouble this was done. The public hardly know how few and how difficult to get hold of are the artists, the artist workmen, and others who are able to carry out properly the work of an artist. With no disrespect to the large furnishing and decorating firms, it may be said that very few of these know how to properly carry out anything of the sort, and the result of their labour has often, one might say usually, been a barbarous and meaningless medley of inferior art workmanship. The result of what was done at the Savoy is now a matter of historic interest. Since that was built, any hotels erected putting forward any pretensions to be high-class, have, according to their lights,

and the enlightenment of the promoters, less or more successfully attempted to copy these artistic features and the various provisions of luxury and comfort referred to in previous paragraphs; with a result of which those qualified can judge, and of which those unqualified may remain in happy ignorance.

The Savoy was the first hotel in the world in which lifts were arranged (and large and commodious lifts, ascending rooms in fact) to run *all night*, thus bringing the top floor on the level of the street below, and enabling the top floor rooms to be made as spacious, lofty, and well furnished as those of the lower floors. The top floors are, indeed, let at the same prices as the lower floors, and from the view and air are more sought after. This feature of all-night-running lifts has since been copied at most other hotels; but, before the Savoy was built, guests used, after 12 o'clock at night, to have to walk up to the top of the house if they wanted to get there.

One may refer to the wide and spacious balconies, all along the front overlooking the river view, which are suitable, and used, for promenades or sitting out on in the fine weather; not the least interesting and fascinating of these is the famous Restaurant Balcony

The court-yard may also be referred to with its suggestion of Continental life and the Della Robbia fountain, by Mr. Harold Rathbone. This large court-yard loses the hotel a lot of space in rooms, but ensures that all the rooms looking on it are beautifully light and airy.

A novel feature at the Savoy was the abolition of all separate charge for attendance and baths, which are included in the price of rooms. This innovation has perhaps never been so thoroughly appreciated by the public as it deserves, and it has sometimes caused the remark to be made that the charges for rooms (very slightly increased in consequence) were high. But when it is remembered that the charge usually made for attendance is 1s. 6d. for each guest and for baths in bath rooms 2s., total 3s. 6d., and that this is added to the charges for rooms at other hotels, it will be seen that the total charge at the Savoy is really very moderate, often less than elsewhere.

A great feature of the Savoy is the amount of light and air. Note that the nearest house in front, on the south, is on the other side of the river, between a quarter and half a mile off; on the west, at Chelsea, and on the east, somewhere between St. Paul's and the Tower of London; and it will be understood the sort of space there is for light and air, air which blows from three points of the compass, from Epsom on the Surrey Hills, from Greenwich, and beyond Kew, straight on to the building.

The artesian well must not be forgotten. From this is drawn a supply of absolutely pure drinking water. In these days when microbes are dreaded, too much importance cannot be attached to this guaranteed purity (see Mr. J. H. Paul's analysis on page 86), to say nothing of the delightful taste of this water as compared with the hard and faded taste of that supplied elsewhere. For baths the softness of this water renders it especially luxurious.

The Savoy was the first hotel in the world, the first building it is believed except one or two warehouses, built entirely of fireproof materials.

The chief materials used are brick, concrete, and girders and stanchions encased in concrete. No wood is used for any constructional part of the building, nor anywhere in the building at all except for doors and window frames, the ornamental panelling in the restaurant, and a wood floor in the ball room, laid over the concrete floor. All the rest of the floors are of incombustible coke breeze concrete without wood, and so are the partitions. Previous to the opening, Mr. D'Oyly Carte consulted his friend, Sir Eyre Massey Shaw (then better known as Captain Shaw), on the question of insurance, and got him to go over and thoroughly examine the building and the plans. Captain Shaw stated that, if the building, built as it was, were a large warehouse without internal divisions and filled with combustible material, and a fire should break out, it would be almost impossible to destroy it; but that, as it was built, divided into living rooms as an hotel, it would be in his opinion absolutely impossible that any serious fire should take place, or anything more than burning out a room; and he stated that were he the freeholder, he should not take the trouble to insure it. We may add that, for the satisfaction of those who might feel nervous, the building was so arranged, although there was no real occasion for it, that, given a person standing in any particular place, and an impossible fire breaking out, on either side of him or her, there was always a way of escape in the opposite direction. Visitors and residents in the hotel may thus feel a very comforting sense of security. This feature, it is understood, has not been reproduced elsewhere, except at Claridge's, there being no other hotel which enjoys this most important advantage.

To conclude with what has contributed no doubt more than everything else to the phenomenal success of the world-renowned Savoy Hotel—*The Cuisine*. It was the aim of the promoters from the very first to establish, and they feel pride in asserting that they have established, the finest restaurant and cuisine in the world. There is only one *cuisine*—the French. Upon that may be engrafted features taken from other countries—by the intelligent French chef, and only by him. He may occasionally, as a concession, bestow upon inhabitants of other nations one of their own barbarous dishes, elevated by his refining power into something civilised, but the

French cuisine, and the principles of the French cuisine, must remain supreme, if gastronomic success is to be achieved and maintained. Whatever complaints we may have against France, we must be grateful to her for the art of cookery. France is the home of high-class cookery, and in Paris are its supreme manifestations. There has never been at the Savoy, and there will never be under the present direction, any other than a French chef, and one who has been through the highest class cuisines of Paris. There has never been, and will not be, other than a French sous-chef under him, and a French "brigade" of "chefs de parti" and "marmitons." All the dishes are cooked and served in the Parisian manner. The maîtres d'hôtel are all adepts in the Parisian methods, and the waiters—trifling detail, but which keeps up the atmosphere—instead of being dressed in greasy dress suits, imitations of gentlemen's evening dress, wear short jackets, turnover collars, and fresh white aprons. So that, except for the greater size of the rooms, one might, in the Savoy restaurant, fancy oneself in the most popular boulevard restaurant.

A "Committee of Taste" for the Savoy and Claridge's Hotels (a revival of the original Restaurant Committee of 1889), among whom are now M. Luiz de Soveral, Count Albert Mensdorff, the Marquis of Granby, the Earl of Chesterfield, the Hon. Francis Bertie, and General Oliphant, all well known as connoisseurs, have kindly consented to act, and to meet from time to time to discuss and advise on matters connected with the cuisine and wines of the Savoy Restaurant and of Claridge's Hotel. On this Committee are also Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Hwfa Williams, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, and Mr. Rupert D. Carte, who are likewise Directors of the Company. It will thus be seen that exceptional guarantees are given for the high character of the Restaurants of both Hotels and the perfection of details.

March, 1900.

Special Features

OF

Claridge's Hotel.

THE main features of novelty referred to in the construction and organisation of the Savoy Hotel have, where practicable, been reproduced and, as far as possible, still further developed at Claridge's.

Especial attention has been given to the furnishing of luxurious suites, and arrangements for making a luxurious home for Royal personages, the aristocracy and plutocracy, during the London season and at other times when visiting or passing through London.

The situation of Claridge's, close to Grosvenor Square and Hyde Park, in the very centre of smart London, need not be insisted on, as being the perfect position for the reception of such guests.

One of the most distinguished chefs of modern times, well known all over the civilised world, for some years recently the presiding genius of one of the most celebrated restaurants in Paris, provides the déjeuners and dinners of the *haute cuisine* of France; and the comforts of guests are looked after by that popular and accomplished hotel director Monsieur Henri Mengay, whose long acquaintance with the distinguished class of guests who frequent the new Royal Claridge's enables him to anticipate their requirements and, with the aid of his able staff, to fulfil them.



The Savoy Hotel, Limited.

C. F. MUNRO, Esq., Secretary.

Directors.

President: R. D'OYLY CARTE, Esq.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, P.C.
R. A. HANDCOCK, Esq.
HWFA WILLIAMS, Esq.
RUPERT D'OYLY CARTE, Esq., Acting Director.

G. REEVES-SMITH, Esq., Managing Director.

Vice-Chairman: R. KEATING CLAY, Esq.

LONDON:

THE SAVOY HOTEL.
THE SAVOY RESTAURANT.
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL.
THE BERKELEY HOTEL.

PARIS:

THE RESTAURANT MARIVAUX.

ROME:

THE GRAND HOTEL.

SAVOY HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, LONDON.

THE SAVOY RESTAURANT.

THE MOST RENOWNED AND FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD.

Overlooking the River Thames and the Embankment Gardens.

BY DAY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GARDEN AND RIVER VIEW IN EUROPE; BY NIGHT A FAIRY SCENE.

Chef—MAITRE **THOURAUD.**

THE SPLENDID SERIES OF PRIVATE DINING ROOMS, WITH BALCONIES OVERLOOKING THE RIVER, IS UNIQUE IN LONDON.

The Orchestra plays during Dinner and Supper, and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons during déjeuner.

A new and handsome Otis Elevator takes Guests from the Victoria Embankment Entrance direct to the Restaurant Floor, thus saving all the fatigue of ascending the stairs.

THE SAVOY CAFÉ.

CAFÉ PARISIEN, READING AND WRITING ROOMS open to the public free of charge, near the Beaufort Buildings entrance from the Strand. Luncheons, Dinners, Suppers; Grill; American Bar. "Plats du jour" ready daily from 12.30.

THE SAVOY HOTEL.

THE wonderfully open situation of the Hotel, overlooking the River Thames and the Gardens, makes the rooms bright, fresh, and airy; and, from the absence of the carriage traffic of a main thoroughfare, they are delightfully quiet.

The rooms are arranged chiefly in Suites, consisting of private sitting-room or rooms, one or more bedrooms, private bath-room, etc. There are also detached bedrooms, and suites of two or more bedrooms, with private bath-rooms, etc. There are **seventy bath-rooms** in the Hotel.

The rooms on the top floor are exactly equal in height, furniture, etc., to those on the lowest.

Large and handsome **Otis Elevators** running **night** and **day.**

A **spacious Courtyard** in the Continental style, with fountain of the new Della Robbia ware.

The Building is of incombustible materials throughout.

Shaded Electric lights everywhere, including Bedside Lights.

Pure drinking water, supplied by an **artesian well** over 420 feet deep.

The new and handsome **Reception Hall** is on the courtyard level, decorated in the Genoese style.

The **White Drawing Room** is exactly below the Restaurant and looks on the Gardens.

The **Smoking Room,** with Bar and Reading Room, adjoins the Reception Bureau.

Billiard Room, with English, French, and American Tables.

The Victoria Rooms.—For Balls, Banquets, Regimental Dinners, Wedding Breakfasts, Afternoon Receptions, etc.

RAILWAY, STEAMSHIP, THEATRE TICKET OFFICES AND HAIRDRESSER'S SALOON IN THE HOTEL.

SPECIAL TELEPHONE TO PARIS.

General Manager - M. HENRI MENGAY.

Assistant Manager—MR. W. D. COLLINS.

House Manageress - Miss F. J. WILLIS.

SAVOY HOTEL AND RESTAURANT.

TARIFF.

Bedrooms for one person, from 7s. 6d. per day; for two persons, from 12s., **including all extras** such as **Attendance, Baths** and **Light.**

Suites of Apartments, containing Sitting-room, Bedroom, Private Bath-room or Dressing-room and W.C., from 30s. Larger Suites at proportionate prices. **Attendance, Baths** and **Light always included.**

	s.	*d.*
Café or Thé simple 1s., with Cut Bread and Butter	1	6
Café or Thé complet (Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Chocolate, with Bread and Butter or Toast)	2	0
English and **American Breakfasts** served in the **Salle à Manger** (*see the daily menu*), from 8.0 to 11.0	3	6

Breakfast, served in the Private Rooms (*ask for Special Carte*).

Déjeuners and **Luncheons** à la Carte, served in the Restaurant or on the Terrace overlooking the Gardens and River (*see the Carte of the day*) from 11 o'clock

Déjeuner, or **Luncheon,** at a fixed price, served in the **Restaurant** or on the **Terrace** from 12 to 3 o'clock	5	0

"Five o'clock Tea," Ices and Refreshments served in the "Mikado Room" and on the Terrace.

Dinners à la Carte, served in the Restaurant and on the Terrace.

"The Savoy Dinner," served in the **Salle à Manger,** on the same floor as the Restaurant, from 6 to 8.30, at separate tables . . . *fixed price*	7	6

Tables may be booked in advance.

"The Opera Supper," served in the **Restaurant** and on the **Terrace,** from 11 p.m. *fixed price*	5	0

Visitors' Servants are boarded at 6s. per day, Rooms being extra according to location.

Fires in the Sitting Rooms at 2s. 6d. per day. Evening Fires, 1s. 6d.

From October till April Special Arrangements can be made for a stay.

UNDER THE SAME DIRECTION AS THE SAVOY HOTEL.

"The Home of Kings and Princes."

Claridge's Hotel,

BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegrams: "CLARIDGE'S HOTEL, LONDON." Telephone: No. 5397 GERRARD.

The old Royal Hostelry Resuscitated.

General Manager:

M. HENRI MENGAY.

(Formerly Manager of the Grand Hotel, Monte Carlo, of the Hotel National, Lucerne, the Hotel Stahlbad, St. Moritz, and Proprietor of the Hotel Bellevue, San Remo.)

IN situation, for fashionable residence, Claridge's is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. It stands between Grosvenor Square and Berkeley Square, in the very centre of fashionable London. It is only a few minutes' walk from Hyde Park, Bond Street, Piccadilly and Regent Street, and within easy distance of all the principal picture galleries, exhibitions, railway stations and theatres. For families visiting London for the season, no more central situation could be chosen.

The rooms are large, airy, and cheerful, and the situation ensures perfect quiet.

The PRIVATE SUITES are probably the most luxurious in Europe, and are decorated and furnished in different styles, such as Louis XV., Louis XVI., Empire, Georgian, Adams, Sheraton, etc. Each suite is complete in itself, with Private Entrance and Vestibule, Bathroom, Lavatory, etc.

These suites can be taken for the London season, and so all the troubles and responsibilities of a furnished house avoided; every facility being given for entertaining by way of dinners, *déjeuners*, receptions, etc.; in fact, families may enjoy all the conveniences and comforts of a house of their own, without its many drawbacks.

There are a large number of smaller suites, with private bathrooms, etc., and a number of single and double bedrooms. There are nearly one hundred bathrooms in the hotel. The baths are all of china. *No Charge* is made for baths.

The ROYAL SUITE. A suite of rooms has been designed for the lodging of Royalty. This suite is shut off from the rest of the hotel, and has its own Private Entrance from the street, with Vestibule and Staircase, magnificent Reception, Dining and Drawing Rooms, most elegantly furnished Bedrooms and Bathrooms, etc., and Servants' Rooms, the whole forming practically a private house, with all the conveniences of an hotel.

The hotel is lighted throughout by Electricity, and no trouble or expense has been spared in getting the prettiest and most convenient fittings. Each bedroom has its shaded reading-lamp by the bedside. The corridors, bathrooms, lavatories, etc., are all heated in cold weather.

Every precaution has been taken for the safety of visitors. The structural parts of the building are of incombustible materials throughout; there are four fireproof staircases affording exits in every direction; and on every floor are hydrants and fire-extinguishing appliances.

Above the ground floor, on each floor of living rooms, is provided a special Private Dining Room, elegantly furnished and decorated in the Georgian manner, which can be engaged at any time by visitors staying on that floor, who are thus enabled to entertain their friends close to their own private apartments, and keep their own suites free for use afterwards.

For quiet and privacy, double doors have been provided between the apartments, and double floors constructed. The latter, the only effective means of preventing sound from passing from one floor to another, is a new feature in hotels.

The Passenger Elevators, of which there are three, are constructed upon the latest and most approved safety system by the Otis Elevator Company.

Carriages drive into the Main Entrance and set down under cover, a great convenience to guests. There is a Private Entrance for Ladies, or those who prefer not to enter by the Grand Vestibule.

The Main Entrance leads straight to the Grand Vestibule, and immediately beyond this is the Great Hall, which forms a charming and comfortable lounge. Surrounding this are the various public rooms, the Salle à Manger and Restaurant, the Drawing Room, the Reading Room, and the Rooms for Smoking and Billiards. The Restaurant and Salle à Manger adjoin; the service in the Restaurant is *à la carte*, and in the Salle à Manger *à prix fixe*

The decoration of these rooms, as well as that of the Royal Suite, has been designed by Mr. Ernest George, the celebrated artist-architect, and executed under his instructions by Messrs. Trollope and Sons.

Other private suites have been decorated by Messrs. Bertram and Sons, who have also supplied the furniture of the Royal Suite, the various public rooms, and several of the private suites.

Messrs. Maple have furnished a number of the private suites and other rooms.

TARIFF.

Single Bedroom (including the use of Bathroom, for which no extra charge is made)	*from*	7/6
Double Bedroom (ditto)	,,	10/6
Double Bedroom and Dressing Room	,,	14/6
Double Bedroom and Bathroom (shut off)	,,	17/6
Double Bedroom, Dressing and Bathroom (shut off)	,,	25/0
Suite of Rooms, consisting of Sitting Room, Double Bedroom, Dressing and Bathroom, etc., each Suite complete in itself, shut off from the rest of the Hotel and forming a Private Flat	*from*	42/0
Attendance	1/6 per day per Guest.	
No charge for Baths or Electric Light.		
Extra Bed		3/0
Child's Cot		2/0
Fire in Sitting Room, all day		3/0
Fire in Sitting Room, after 5 p.m.		2/0
Fire in Bedroom, all day		2/0
Fire in Bedroom, after 5 p.m.		1/6
Maid's Room, Visitors' Floor	*from*	4/0
Valet's Room, Visitors' Floor	,,	5/0
Valet's Room, Sixth Floor	,,	3/0
Servant's Board, per day		6/0

RESTAURANT À LA CARTE.

Tea or Coffee (simple)	1/0
Ditto with cut bread and butter	1/6
English Breakfast (coffee, tea, chocolate, or cocoa, toast, rolls and butter) Eggs, fish, etc., as ordered, from the priced menu.	2/0
Déjeuner à prix fixe (Luncheon) served in the Salle à Manger from 1.0 till 3.0	5/0
Dîner à prix fixe in the Salle à Manger from 6.30 to 8.0 (To Residents in the Hotel, 8/6).	10/6

Luncheons and dinners in the private rooms are charged à la carte.

NOTE.—During the London season an increase is made in the charge for Rooms.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, APPLY TO THE MANAGER.

UNDER THE SAME DIRECTION AS THE SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON.

ROME.

GRAND HOTEL,

PIAZZA DELLA TERME—PIAZZA S. BERNARDO.

Via Venti Settembre.

Situated in the Highest and Healthiest part of Rome—looking full South.

THE MOST COMFORTABLE HOTEL IN ITALY.

Manager:

M. A. PFYFFER (of the Grand Hôtel National, Lucerne).

Assistant Manager—M. DREYFUS.

ROME.

THE Grand Hotel, Rome, which was opened in January, 1894, is patronised by the *élite* of European and American Society. Built in a palatial style, profusely decorated in the interior with marbles and paintings, it is an excellent example of modern Italian architecture.

The Grand Hotel is situated on the Monte Viminale, in the Piazza delle Terme, the highest and healthiest quarter of Rome, close to the principal Palaces and Embassies. It stands in its own grounds, and commands a beautiful view of Rome and the Alban Hills.

The fine Atrium, forming the principal entrance, gives a vivid impression of airiness and space, and withal of comfort. The magnificent Marble Staircase, dividing into two branches, leads to the Foyer on the first floor.

The Great Hall leads into a gay Winter Garden, communicating with the large Drawing Room, and with the Reading and Writing Rooms.

The Restaurant is a happy combination of richness and elegance, with its exquisite paintings, shining marbles, and glittering decorations. It has large sunny verandahs overlooking the garden. The cuisine is equal in every respect to that of the best Paris and London restaurants.

An excellent Band plays daily in the Hotel.

Guests not living in the Hotel can have *déjeuner*, dinner, or supper in the Restaurant or at the Table d'Hôte, which is served at separate tables.

The Billiard Room is provided with English and American tables, and there is a Bar, Café, and Smoking Room, all elegantly furnished.

Every description of accommodation is provided, from a single room to the most princely suite.

There are numerous Bath Rooms and Lavatories on every floor.

The Building is absolutely Fireproof, being made of incombustible materials throughout.

The Corridors, Passages, Hall, and Atrium are kept warm in cold weather, night and day.

A Coach starts regularly for the different places of interest.

Well-appointed Private Carriages and Saddle Horses for Hunting can be obtained on short notice at the office.

TARIFF.

		FRS.
Bed Rooms for one person (Electric Light included)	from	6
„ „ „ two persons „ „ „	„	10
Private Salons „ „ „	„	15
Coffee, Tea, Chocolate "complet"		1
English or American Breakfast, served in the Salle à Manger		4
Déjeuner à la fourchette (Luncheon) (at separate tables)		4
Table d'Hôte Dinner (at separate tables)		6
Private Dinners in the Restaurant	from	8
Private Dinners in the Salons	„	10

RESTAURANT À LA CARTE.

There are splendid Suites of Rooms for Private Dances, Receptions and "At Homes."

The whole of the Sanitary Arrangements of the Hotel have been carried out by Messrs. Jennings, of London. They are of the most modern description, and have been constructed regardless of expenditure, with the object of obtaining the most perfect sanitation.

Two large Lifts, supplied by the American Otis Elevator Company, take visitors to the terrace on the roof, from which an unparalleled view of Rome and the Campagna can be enjoyed.

The Hotel is entirely illuminated by Electricity.

The Cuisine is cosmopolitan, but the dominant tone is high-class French, and is under the able direction of Mons. Louis (Chef du Grand Hôtel National, Lucerne, during the summer season).

The Cellars contain the finest brands of Wines at moderate prices.

CONSULATE OFFICES IN LONDON.

AMERICA (United States of), 12, St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.; Embassy, 1, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC (LA PLATA), 3, Budge Row, Cannon Street, E.C.; Legation, 16, Kensington Palace Gardens, W.
AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY, Office, 32-3, Laurence Pountney Lane, E.C.; Embassy, 18, Belgrave Square, S.W.
BELGIUM, Office, 11, Bishopsgate Street Within; Legation, 18, Harrington Gardens, South Kensington.
BOLIVIA, Office, 12, Fenchurch Street, E.C.
BRAZIL (United States of), Office, 6, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; Legation, 55, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.
CHILI (Republic of), Office, 148, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; Legation, 29, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.
CHINA, Legation, 49, Portland Place, W.
COLOMBIA (Republic of), Office, Ethelburga House, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.; Legation, 53, Victoria Street, S.W.
COSTA RICA, Office, 58, Lombard Street, E.C.
DENMARK, Office, 1, Muscovy Court, Tower Hill, E.C.; Embassy, 24, Pont Street, S.W.
ECUADOR (Republic of), 3, Copthall Buildings, E.C.
FRANCE, Office, 38, Finsbury Circus, E.C.; Embassy, Albert Gate House, Hyde Park.
GERMAN EMPIRE, Office, 49, Finsbury Square, E.C.; Embassy, 9, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.
GREECE, Office, 19, Eastcheap, E.C.; Legation, 31, Marloes Road, Kensington, W.
GUATEMALA (Republic of), Office, 22, Great Winchester Street, E.C.
HAITI, Office, 32, Fenchurch Street, E.C.; Legation, 5, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, Office, 91, Gracechurch Street, E.C.
HONDURAS, Office, 34, Great St. Helen's, E.C.
ITALY, Office, 44, Finsbury Square, E.C.; Embassy, 20, Grosvenor Square, W.
JAPAN, Office, 84, Bishopsgate Street Within; Legation, 4, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.
LIBERIA (Republic of), Office, 3, Coleman Street, E.C.
MEXICO, Office, Broad Street House, New Broad Street.
MONACO, Office, 37, Conduit Street, W.
NETHERLANDS, Office, 4, Coleman Street, E.C.; Legation, 118, Eaton Square, S.W.
NICARAGUA (Republic of), Office, 22, Great Winchester Street, E.C.
ORANGE FREE STATE, 43, Broad Street Avenue, E.C.
PARAGUAY (Republic of), 9, New Broad Street, E.C.
PERSIA, Legation, 46, Finsbury Circus, E.C.
PERU (Republic of), 237, Winchester House, E.C.; Legation, 3, Park Place, S.W.
PORTUGAL, Office, 6, South Street, Finsbury, E.C.; Legation, 12, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.
ROUMANIA, Office, 67, Basinghall Street, E.C.; Legation, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.
RUSSIA, Office, 17, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; Embassy, Chesham House, Chesham Place, S.W.
SALVADOR (Republic of), 8, Jeffreys Square, E.C.
SAN DOMINGO, Office, 17, Coleman Street, E.C.
SERVIA, Office, 42A, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.
SIAM, Office, 5 and 6, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; Legation, 23, Ashburn Place, South Kensington, S.W.
SPAIN, Office, 23, Billiter Street, E.C.; Embassy, 1, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.
SWEDEN AND NORWAY, Office, 24, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; Legation, 52, Pont Street, S.W.
SWITZERLAND, Office, 76, Victoria Street, S.W.; Legation, 52, Lexham Gardens, W.
TURKEY, Office, 7, Union Court, Old Broad Street; Embassy, 1, Bryanston Square, W.
URUGUAY (Republic of), (Monte Video), Office, 39, Victoria Street, S.W.
VENEZUELA (United States of), Office, 31 and 32, King William Street, E.C.

AMERICAN BANKS AND AGENCIES IN LONDON.

ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, 18, Austin Friars, E.C.
BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, 60, Lombard Street, E.C.
BANK OF MONTREAL, 22, Abchurch Lane, E.C.
BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, 3, Clement's Lane, E.C.
BARING BROTHERS & Co., LIMITED, 8, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
BLYDENSTEIN & Co., 55 & 56, Threadneedle Street, E.C.
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Founders' Court, Lothbury, E.C.
COMMITTEE OF AMERICAN BONDHOLDERS. 17, Moorgate Street, E.C.
CRÉDIT LYONNAIS, Cockspur Street, S.W.
FINANCIAL AGENCY OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT (Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., London Agents), Founders' Court, E.C.
KEYSER & Co., 21, Cornhill, E.C.
KING, HENRY S. & Co., 65, Cornhill, E.C., and at 45, Pall Mall, S.W.
MORGAN, J. S. & Co., 22, Old Broad Street, E.C.
MORTON, CHAPLIN & Co., 6, Princes Street, Bank, E.C.
NEW YORK, ONTARIO & WESTERN RAILWAY Co., Agency, 5, Great Winchester Street, E.C.
NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA & OHIO RAILWAY Co., 113, Wool Exchange, Basinghall Street, E.C.
SOCIÉTÉ GÉNÉRALE, Lombard Street, E.C.

PARIS.

LUGGAGE.

Passengers should be careful to have their luggage registered through to Paris at the London terminus, as they will thus avoid the trouble of examination by the Customs officers at the respective ports when entering France.

MONEY.

The following are the relative values of English and French current coins :—

5 centimes	(one sou)	= about	½d.,	or	1 cent	(United States)	
10 ,,		= ,,	1d.,	,,	2 cents	,,	
100 ,,	(one franc)	= ,,	10d.,	,,	20 ,,	,,	
5 francs		= ,,	4s.,	,,	1 dollar	,,	
20 ,,	(one Louis)	= ,,	16s.				

English gold will be readily accepted anywhere in France, and it is more advantageous to change it there than in London, as a higher rate of exchange is thus secured. The current rate of exchange for an English sovereign is about 25fr. 20c.

CABS.

The charges for cab hire within the Fortifications during the day are as under :—

For 2 persons, 1½fr. the course ; 2fr. for the hour.
For 4 ,, 2½fr. ,, 2¾fr. ,, ,,

The *course* is any journey within the Fortifications, but it is well to remember that any stoppage by the passenger, however slight, completes a *course*. It should be stated when taking a cab whether it is required by the hour, otherwise it is considered as taken by the *course*. A small gratuity of from 25 to 50c. is expected by the driver. The day begins at six in the summer and seven in the winter and ends half an hour after midnight. A cab discharged outside the Fortifications must be paid 1 fr. extra. Luggage outside is charged 25c. each package, as also is any heavy luggage carried inside. The driver should give a ticket to the fare when being engaged.

Unser Heim in London

von C. F. D.

WER könnte sich ein angenehmeres Lebensprogramm in London ausdenken als dasjenige, welches dem wohlsituierten Fremden in den neuen Hotels zur Verfügung steht, von denen das „Savoy“ unstreitig die Führung übernommen hat, während das heutige „Claridges“ das „quantum mutatus ab illo“ einer vergangenen Dekade ist.

In erster Linie möchte ich mich bemühen, ein Bild zu geben von dem höchsten Comfort, von den weitgehendsten Bequemlichkeiten, zu denen unser fürstliches Hotelwesen in letzter Zeit emporgestiegen ist, und welchem das eine Wort „Claridges“ den Stempel der Vervollkommnung aufgedrückt hat. Dieses „dernier mot“ der Vollendung schliesst den Rekord der neueren Entwicklungsperiode für die Londoner Hotels, ihre Bauart, Organisation und Verwaltung. Claridges hat wie das Savoy eine eigene Individualität. Ein Westend-Hotel, ist es vorzugsweise zu längerem Aufenthalt geeignet. Es trägt ein entschieden aristokratisches Gepräge und erfüllt besondere Erfordernisse, in denen sich kein anderes Hotel in London mit ihm messen könnte. In stolzer Pracht erhebt es sich mitten im Herzen Londons, während das Savoy den Kernpunkt des grossstädtischen „Bohème“ repräsentiert, indem es nur wenige Minuten von den bekanntesten Theatern und Vergnügungslokalen, von den Gerichtshöfen, Sehenswürdigkeiten und Denkmälern liegt, die einen Teil der historischen Stadt ausmachen. Von den Cities London und Westminster aus ist das Savoy bequem zu erreichen, und auch die Entfernung nach den Palästen der Legislatur und der Municipalverwaltung ist eine ebenso geringe. Ein reges Leben und Treiben herrscht in dem Hotel, das sich ganz „dans le mouvement“ befindet und allen Anforderungen des modernen Geschmacks entspricht. Claridges dagegen ist friedlich, vornehm und steht allem weltlichen Getöse fern, kurz, es ist, um den englischen Ausdruck zu gebrauchen, „out of the hurly burly.“ Es besitzt eine Ruhe und Würde, dessen sich kein anderes europäisches Hotel rühmen kann. Wie viele gekrönte Häupter des Auslandes haben schon unter diesem historischen Dache geruht, und

seine Fremdenliste hat die Namen der bedeutendsten Generäle, Staatsmänner, Politiker und gesellschaftlichen Sterne des Kontinents aufzuweisen. Abgesehen von seinen mannigfaltigen modernen Anziehungspunkten ist das Claridges der Neuzeit völlig befähigt, die geheiligten Traditionen seines ehrwürdigen Vorfahren aufrecht zu erhalten. Es steht zwischen Berkeley und Grosvenor Square, in allernächster Nachbarschaft von Mayfair, den nördlichen Parkanlagen, Piccadilly und der Haupt-Clubgegend. In Bezug auf das, was es dem Fremden an wohnlichen Annehmlichkeiten bieten kann, hat es keinen Rivalen unter den grossen Londoner Hotels. Es enthält über 400 Zimmer, die, meist in Suiten abgeteilt, den Familien alle Vorteile eines schönen Heims gewähren, ohne ihnen die Schattenseiten eines solchen aufzudrängen. Die Zimmer sind im Stile der verschiedenartigen Zeitalter eingerichtet, geschmackvoll ausgestattet und mit den neuesten Verbesserungen versehen, die, von fern und nah bezogen, in unbeschränkter Freigiebigkeit überall angebracht sind. Den Glanzpunkt bilden wohl die „Fürstengemächer," die von der Hauptstrasse aus einen Privateingang, ein eigenes Vestibül und Treppenhaus haben und mit wahrhaft verschwenderischer Pracht eingerichtet sind. Das fürstliche Empfangszimmer (um nur einen einzigen der stolzen Räume herauszugreifen) hat eine gewölbte Decke mit kunstvollen Spandrillen und einem dekorativen Tympanum. Seine Wände sind mit rotem Seiden-Tabourette behängt, deren Farbenton genau zu den Vorhängen passt. Der Teppich in prunkhaft leuchtendem Blau ist von reichen orientalischen Borten umsäumt. Kurz, Kunst und Geld haben ihr Aeusserstes gethan, um Claridges als „beau idéal" unseres modernen Hotelwesens hinzustellen, und wer könnte behaupten, dass ihre Bemühungen nicht von dem glänzendsten Erfolge gekrönt worden wären.

Nicht minder das Savoy-Restaurant!—Wie durch geheime Zauberkraft werden wir aus dem Londoner Alltagsleben heraus in einen märchenhaften, fremdartigen Ort versetzt. Für mich ist die schimmernde Galerie des Savoy-Restaurants mit ihrer maurischen Wandbekleidung, mit ihren orientalischen Verzierungen ein epikuräisches, irdisches Paradies, wie es in keinem Hotel des Kontinents wiederzufinden ist. Im wesentlichen hat das Restaurant bis in die kleinsten Details ein französisch-deutsches Gepräge. Es war das erste, das die Pariser und Wiener Delikatessen in London eingeführt, das erste, das seine Räume zum „rendez-vous" der internationalen Gesellschaft gemacht, die sich hier „sans cérémonie" in kontinentaler Ungezwungenheit zusammenzufinden pflegt. Das in Paris seit Jahren so beliebte „réstaurant diner" ist ein charakteristischer Zug des Savoy geworden, und nur ein Blick auf die distinguierte, malerisch zusammengewürfelte Gesellschaft, bei welcher Fürstlichkeit, Adel, Politik, Finanzwelt, professionelle Berühmtheiten aus allen Teilen der Welt vertreten sind, genügt, um den Hauch der Vornehmheit zu erkennen, der über dem Ganzen liegt.

Der Fremde in London bedarf einer solchen Umgebung, um seine Laune sowohl wie seinen Appetit anzuregen; und gerade das halb orientalische Restaurant, die terrassenartigen Balkons mit ihrem unvergleichlichen Blick auf die historischen Marksteine Londons sind es, die ein heiteres Glücksgefühl, einen gesunden Appetit in uns erwecken und uns so zum Vollgenuss des Gebotenen befähigen. Um uns herum sprüht es von Geist und Witz, und wirkt auf uns wie eine elektrische Batterie. Der Anblick der bestrickenden Schauspielerin am übernächsten Tische, deren Haar von indiskreten „bandeaux" zusammengehalten wird, erinnert an die kostbare Anekdote des europäischen Monarchen! Das Profil eines Politikers zur Linken, der mit missbilligendem Blicke den winzigen Körper einer gebratenen Wachtel auf ihren Nährwert prüft, rüttelt in unsrem Gedächtnis eine Periode seiner früheren Laufbahn auf, die zu verleugnen ihm niemals ganz gelingen wird. Geistige Belebung scheint die Atmosphäre des grossen Raumes zu durchdringen und wie Blasebalge die schlummernden Feuer unsrer Seele anzufachen. Kaum wissend weshalb, wird unsre Stimmung angeregt und gehoben. Ein kurzer Blick auf einen fröhlichen Kreis von Bekannten weckt in uns die Lust, es ihnen gleich zu thun. Und nirgends ist leichtes Geplauder, harmloses Scherzen besser am Platze, als bei diesen modernen „réstaurant diners." Ständig wachsen sie in der Gunst des Publikums, und immer mehr werden sie sich in dieselbe einzuschmeicheln wissen. Damen „schwärmen" dafür, denn die Frauen lieben es, mitten in einem Blumenbeet duftiger Toiletten zu stehn, zu schauen und zu kritisieren, die verschiedenen Schnitte und Farben zu prüfen und zu vergleichen—und sich mit innerem Entzücken zu gestehn, dass sie bei dem grossen, nie endenden Wettbewerb der Mode hinter den anderen nicht zurückgeblieben sind! In London wünscht man seinen Nachbar und die Berühmtheiten des Tages zu sehn. Hier z. B. in der gegenüberliegenden Ecke, an jenem prunkhaft geschmückten Tisch sitzt der Rajah von Pudutokai, Prinz Lubomirski und die reizende Comtesse Potoka bei Lord Dunraven und Mr. Astor; an einem anderen Tische hinter riesenhaften exotischen Palmen S.K.H. der Prinz von Wales mit Lord Rothschild und dem Oberbürgermeister zur Rechten, während ich zu seiner Linken den Herzog und die Herzogin von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha und, wenn ich mich nicht irre, die schöne Miss Leiter bemerke, gegenwärtig eine der grössten Erbinnen Amerikas. Wohin sich der Blick auch wendet, überall Berühmtheiten, die internationale Lorbeeren geerntet; doch niemand übertrifft wohl an fröhlicher Stimmung Madame Sarah Bernhardt, welche voll Schlagfertigkeit ein lebhaftes Wortgefecht mit dem Duc Décazes und einigen anderen Auserwählten an ihrem Tische zu führen versteht. — Wir dinieren in dem Savoy, um den neusten fröhlichen Walzer zu hören, die allerneuste Mode zu bewundern und — ich will es nicht verschweigen — um ein ganz klein wenig von der neusten Skandalgeschichte zu

erfahren. Ja, so ist's! mögen wir es leugnen, protestieren, Gott zum Zeugen anrufen —hilft nichts, es ist und bleibt so! Auf diese Weise geniessen wir mit stets wachsender Freude das Leben in dem Savoy-Restaurant, wo schalkhaftes Geplauder, kleine, boshafte Bemerkungen zwischen gedämpften elektrischen Lichtern emportauchen, wo das reale Leben der Riesenstadt in Musik und Lachen umgesetzt wird, wo wir eine Zeitlang unsre Alltagssorgen unter den Blumen begraben, und uns in dem beglückenden Gedanken wiegen können, dass wir alle einer einzigen, grossen Brüderschaft angehören.

Einen unbeschreiblichen Zauber übt die beneidenswerte Abgeschlossenheit, die malerische Lage des Savoy Hotel aus. Giebt es wohl etwas Reizvolleres für den weitgereisten Wanderer, für den beobachtenden Touristen als jene Aussicht von den Balkons herab, welche, in jedem Stockwerk um das ganze Haus herumführend, und für jede Zimmerflucht besonders abgeteilt, uns mit den ewig wechselnden Bildern der Themseufer erquicken? Wie wirkungsvoll ist es oft, wenn das Sonnenlicht an nebligen Morgen durch die schwere Wolkendecke schimmert und vereinzelte Strahlen auf die vorübergleitenden schwarzen Barken entsendet, die, wie durch magische Gewalt veredelt, immer weichere Formen annehmen, je mehr sie sich in der dicken Atmosphäre verlieren. Mit noch grösserer Freude denke ich jedoch an den strahlenden Glanz der späten Sommernachmittage zurück, wenn die roten Segel weithin in venetianischer Herrlichkeit leuchten, wenn die kalte, graue Waterloo-Brücke ein rosiger, warmer Schimmer umfliesst, wenn die Fenster in der Laterne von St. Paul's einem flammenden Freudenfeuer gleichen, und jeder weisse Turm wie „eine Stimme lebendigen Lichts" in den tiefblauen Himmel hineinragt. Und wenn dann die Musikkapelle in dem Garten spielt, da will es uns fast deuchten, als ob London für einen kurzen Zeitraum die Sitten und Gebräuche seiner fröhlichen Schwesterstadt Paris angenommen hätte.

Somit scheint alles, was über die Schönheiten des Flusses gesagt werden kann, erschöpft, doch nein—sein feinster zartester Effekt bleibt noch zu offenbaren. Das ist, wenn im Osten Tausende und Abertausende von der Arbeit nach Hause eilen, wenn im Westen der winterliche Nachmittagsthee oder das sommerliche Dîner alle im Hause hält, dann—dann zeigt er uns seine seltenste Schönheit. Denn am wunderbarsten ist er im Zwielicht, wenn der Abendduft die Flussufer wie mit einem poetischen Schleier umhüllt, wenn sich die ärmlichen Gebäude in dem schattenhaften Himmel verlieren, wenn die hohen Kamine in der nächtlichen Beleuchtung zu Glockentürmen und die Warenhäuser zu Palästen werden, wenn die ganze Stadt an dem Himmel zu schweben scheint und sich ein Märchenland zu uns herabgesenkt hat, ein Märchenland in Blau und Gold, an anderen Abenden in Grau und Silber, an

wieder anderen in Rosa und Opal. Und die Schönheit wächst mit der Nacht, wenn sich der Mond am Himmel erhebt. Goldene Lichter folgen den sanften Biegungen der Uferanlagen, und nur die Nadel der Kleopatra mit ihrem langen tiefen Schatten unterbricht den lichten Saum, der sich, zwischen Himmel und Erde schwebend, über Waterloo Bridge dahinzieht und den Fluss überspannt. Ein weisser elektrischer Schimmer strahlt durch die Dunkelheit von Charing Cross her. Grün und rot flammen die Signale an der Eisenbahnlinie auf; grün und rot stehlen sich die Lichter eines Geisterschiffes über das Wasser.

Sowohl das Savoy wie Claridges hat in der Liste seiner „habitués" die Namen der Vornehmsten im Lande aufzuweisen. Nicht nur Magnaten des hohen Adels, auch Prinzen und Prinzessinnen, ja regierende Fürsten finden sich oft in diesen tonangebenden Häusern ein, und nicht genug Worte des Lobes und der Bewunderung können sie dann finden über die fürstliche Bedienung, die ihnen, wie es sich gebührt, zu teil geworden. Ja, so geschätzt wird das Hotel von der „beau monde" unserer Zeit und Generation, dass es während der „season" einen fast clubartigen Charakter anzunehmen pflegt. Es ist ein Ort, an welchem vorübergehend weilende Gäste mit Sicherheit darauf rechnen können, „bekannte" Persönlichkeiten, Berühmtheiten und „Sterne," sei es auf künstlerischem oder gesellschaftlichem Gebiete zu treffen. Es ist ein Mittelpunkt des modernen Lebens, das sich seinen Bewunderern in höchster Vollkommenheit zeigt, und wenn es mir auch die Etiquette verbietet, Namen zu nennen, kann jeder versichert sein, dass er sich im Savoy oder Claridges nur in bester Gesellschaft befindet. Mit Recht dürfen sich jene beiden Hotels den alten klassischen Spruch: „Noscitur a sociis," zu eigen machen und zu ihrem Motto erwahlen. Das heisst, verehrter Leser, in einer etwas freieren Wiedergabe, dass sich alle Vögel mit seltenen Federn hier zusammenfinden. Es bleibt nun jedem einzelnen überlassen, das herrliche Gebäude, das Nest dieser seltenen Vögel, in näheren Augenschein zu nehmen.

Zur Erleichterung meiner kontinentalen Leser möchte ich noch hinzufügen, dass das Savoy Hotel vermittelst einer Droschke etwa in 3 Minuten von Charing Cross, in 5 Minuten von Waterloo Station und in 10 Minuten von Victoria zu erreichen ist, während der Weg nach Claridges ungefähr die doppelte Zeit erfordert.

An Oasis in Piccadilly

By C. F. D.

"THERE is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Thus the great Johnson, and he may be taken as an authority on the tavern of the period. But times—and taverns—have changed since the sage walked abroad with his faithful Boswell at heel. The old inn has vanished: even its name has become hopelessly plebeian. We have nothing less than "Hotel" now, whether the term be applied to the modest hostelry (which at the close of the 17th century was called "mug house," not so much on account of the faces of the frequenters as from the fact that drink was only supplied there in earthern vessels), or to the gigantic caravanserai of London, New York, Paris or Berlin, the halting place of the globe-trotter; where, in the language of the guide-book, the traveller with means may command the height of luxurious living with the comforts of a home. London is, year by year, becoming more and more a leading centre for the international tourist—the temporary halting place from which he starts on his survey of Europe. The great Steamship Companies treat him generously during his sea voyage, and it has finally dawned upon certain enterprising people in England that the same luxury and ease ought to be provided for him when he lands in England's Capital, whether to rest and recuperate awhile before winging his flight to the interior, or to make a prolonged stay in the metropolis.

The requirements of our modern civilization demand a very different state of things in a Hotel to what obtained in the days of even Dr. Johnson. The old order has changed and given place to the new; the inventions of science and the newest applications of human ingenuity have transformed the old "Hostel" into the magnificence of the modern Hotel. There are, however, two very important factors which to-day, in the glamour of marble and gilt, are often overlooked, and without which a Hotel becomes a howling wilderness.

QUIET AND COMFORT are, after all, the true requirements of a temporary "home from home." Although within a stone's throw of the busiest centre in all London, although Piccadilly hums with the ceaseless motion of an incomparable kaleidoscope of life and activity, yet it is the proud boast of the Berkeley Hotel that it is one of the quietest in London. Quaint as it may appear to its aristocratic *clientèle* from two hemispheres, the present Berkeley Hotel was in 1736 a Coffee Tavern under the management of Francis Sheldon, whose biography would afford a vivid insight into London life of the eighteenth century. Next to the tavern and on ground now occupied by the Hotel, stood the Three Kings' Inn, noted at the time for its extensive stabling and as a starting point for the west country mail. Busy scenes, not devoid of picturesqueness, yet natural withal, enlivened the otherwise monotonous court, previous to a departure of the mail coach. A large colored plate of that period still in the Hotel, and of which the accompanying illustration is a fair copy, preserves the scene that now seems antique, yet not out of character with the house. Hotels for the most part are no longer familiar and kindly resorts, guests have become "numbers," and personal predilections and individualities are unrecognised. The Management of the Berkeley has entirely resisted this tendency. Its system and arrangements are so well defined that the visitor has still the sense that he is in his own home, and the tread of family life seems to go on undisturbed. Although we still remember, and with some reverence look back to the mellow days of the eighteenth century when "the ladies of St. James's" came "running to the play," there has grown a deeper feeling for art, a keener sense of the æsthetic side of life ; and conveniences and appliances undreamed of by older generations have become indispensable in our day. These in their utmost point of development are represented in this Hotel ; so not only does its rare and quiet charm contrast piquantly with the stress and momentum of Piccadilly, but within itself modern art and elaborate convenience throw into vivid relief the serene and poetic air which it has preserved since the days of Sheldon.

As we enter the picturesque *foyer*, we feel at once an absence of rush and bustle, and that quiet and comfort are the main characteristics of the place. The old English restfulness which invites us in halls and parlors, corridors and living rooms, gives additional point to the presence of the leading continental Maître d'hotel, who maintains the Restaurant unrivalled in London. His epicurean combinations have made the Berkeley Restaurant a familiar rendezvous of the *haute volée* from the west-end, together with many leaders of fashion familiar on both continents. Why should we not praise his knowledge in cookery? It is the soul of festivity at all times and to all ages. How many marriages have been the consequence of meeting at these dinners? How much good fortune has been the result of a good supper? At what moment of our existence are we happier than at table? Here our wants are satisfied, our minds and bodies invigorated, and ourselves qualified for the high delights of music, poetry, dancing and other pleasures.

The uninterrupted success of the House is largely due to the high class discipline which characterises its Management, whose circumspection in the Restaurant is indicative of the wise motto, that :

"At meals, no access to the indiscreet,
All are intruders on the wise who eat.
In that blest hour your bore's the weariest sinner ;
Nought must disturb a man of worth—at dinner."

The visitor to the Berkeley is at once attracted by the repose and comfort of its approaches, which are a fair indication of the interior. The arrangement of its parlors, reception and writing rooms, coffee room and smoking room on the ground floor, and its delightful bedrooms and sitting-rooms on the upper floors—all cheerful, bright and airy—is a study in decoration ; for decorative beauty is a feature of this hostel. Aladdin rubbed a ring on a lamp, and left the rest to the powers of magic, but the artist who furnished the Berkeley had a much more laborious time. He must have pondered over models of furniture in museums. Careless sightseers at the Musée Cluny would never suspect the toil of the student of decorative periods. He pursues his fancy from collection to collection, from the Empire style to the Venetian, and the most dexterous furniture makers in England and France wait upon his behests. It is an æsthetic pilgrimage, and the furnishing of the Berkeley Hotel is one of its results. The sanitary arrangements are equally good : the drains and pipes are carried clear of the walls to a main sewer, which has a steep fall along the north-western boundary of the house. Upstairs, provision to insure immunity from fire is simply perfect, and, in the very improbable event of an outbreak, ample provision is made to check it promptly and effectually.

The situation of the Berkeley has few equals, and no superior, and is, possibly, its chief attraction. The outlook from its upper windows—mainly facing Piccadilly—is ever by stately scenes and historical associations ; our view passes easily to Devonshire House, *vis-à-vis*, and the stately buildings which line Piccadilly down to Hyde Park Corner and Buckingham Palace, past the Barracks, and on to St. James's. On the other hand, an equally interesting series of historical buildings line this chief artery of England's capital to kaleidescopic Piccadilly Circus, and up and down Regent Street to its termini. From the Hotel, with its repose and æsthetic appeal, Piccadilly may well seem a seething gulf stream of movement. The contrast gives almost a solemnity to the quiet within. It is, indeed, an oasis in the modern Babylon, full of modern improvements and with every provision necessary to our physical and mental contentment, yet self-contained and conservative enough to suit the most punctilious *clientèle*.

There are those who maintain that a nation's hotels are in one sense more important than its Parliament. In the capitals of the twentieth century they are likely to be even

greater determining forces than hitherto towards the amenities, comforts, and beauties of life. The most favoured will necessarily be those that develop a distinctive, intimate, delectable life all their own. The Berkeley Hotel is essentially of that order. It is like a private historical mansion, where everyone feels it incumbent to live up to a punctilious and even reverential tradition. Equality of attention and honourable treatment have ever characterised the management. The guests might be masters whose ways and idiosyncracies are intimately understood, whose personalities have become impressed, as it were, on suite and environment.

Thus the happy order is preserved, and the pleasant continuity of tradition remains uninterrupted in the Berkeley.

"The Berkeley."

THE BERKELEY HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

73, 74, and 77, Piccadilly, and
1, Berkeley Street, London, W.

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Restaurant Entrance - - - - 77, Piccadilly.
Hotel Entrance - - - - - - 1, Berkeley Street.

"THE BERKELEY" has long been recognised as a synonymous term with all that is desirable as an Hotel and a Restaurant *de luxe*, and is largely patronised by the wealthy families of Great Britain and America.

THE BERKELEY possesses a combination of advantages which, perhaps, renders it unique amongst London Hotels.

Its position is admittedly unrivalled, and it is the **only Hotel of a moderate size** able to maintain a kitchen of the French School on really classic lines; it is the only Hotel, too, of a moderate size in which a service *de luxe* obtains as at CLARIDGE'S and the SAVOY HOTELS.

POSITION. THE BERKELEY is situate in the centre of the most fashionable quarter of the West End—in point of elevation it occupies the highest point of Piccadilly—its frontage in Piccadilly and Berkeley Street looks south and south-west over the Green Park and the Devonshire House quadrangle and gardens—it is within a hundred yards of Bond Street, close to all the fashionable West-End Theatres, and five minutes from Hyde Park Corner.

The HOTEL contains about 90 rooms—with a large proportion of sitting rooms—the arrangements of the rooms being, for the most part, on the *en suite* plan, and suites consisting of from 2 to 9 or more rooms are available.

THE HOTEL IS

QUIET,

COMFORTABLE,

UNPRETENTIOUS.

The principal rooms have a south or south-west aspect, and many of them have an uninterrupted view over the Green Park as far as Buckingham Palace.

The RESTAURANT, which may be entered from the Hotel by residents, or from Piccadilly by non-residents, is provided with a spacious Entrance Hall—looking on to Piccadilly—and a handsome Reception Room, decorated in the Louis XV. style, both of which are quite distinct from the Hotel.

The decoration of the Restaurant belongs to the early Dutch or Jacobean period, and in its severe simplicity is the antithesis of the white and gold and other obtrusive and gorgeous schemes of decoration which have of late been so much in vogue, and it is possibly, partly for this reason, that it has been so much admired; but principally, no doubt, for its air of simplicity, restfulness, and refinement,

"*Simplex munditiis.*"

The Restaurant has for many years enjoyed the patronage of the rank and fashion of London Society.

THE BERKELEY is famous for its *Diner du jour* "*à prix fixe*," the price being 10s. 6d.

It is claimed by the Berkeley management that by this system the diner gets a more varied menu, a better selection of dishes, and better value generally than if he orders *à la carte*; and further that he is relieved of the responsibility—which to all except the *gourmet* is both weighty and irksome—of ordering his own dinner.

A *carte du jour* is, however, prepared daily, and visitors who prefer to order *à la carte* can select from a great variety of dishes.

The Berkeley Luncheon *à prix fixe* is 4s.

Suppers are not served in the Restaurant at the Berkeley, as it is thought that a supper business might detract from the quiet family tone of the Hotel.

Mr. Frederick Casano's Orchestra, which has had the honour of playing on many occasions before H.M. KING EDWARD VII., plays during Dinner 7 to 9.30 p.m., and on Sundays during Luncheon also, 1 to 3 p.m.

PRICES OF ROOMS

AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

	SEASON PRICES, 1st May to 31st July.	PRICES, 1st August to 30th April.
Sitting Rooms	from 21/- per day.	from 17/6 per day.
Double Bedrooms	,, 8/6 ,,	,, 7/6 ,,
Single Bedrooms	,, 7/- ,,	,, 6/- ,,
SUITES OF ROOMS, consisting of—		
Sitting Room and Double Bedroom ...	from 32/- per day.	from 26/- per day.
Sitting Room, Double Bedroom, and Dressing Room	,, 43/- ,,	,, 35/6 ,,
Sitting Room and Two Double Bedrooms	,, 55/- ,,	,, 42/- ,,
Servant's Room		from 3/- per day.
Extra Bed in Room		,, 2/6 ,,
Child's Bed		,, 2/- ,,

All Rooms in Suites communicate one with the other by means of double doors.

Suites of 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, or more Rooms are at the disposal of Visitors.

ATTENDANCE.

A charge of 1/6 per day is made to each Visitor occupying a Bedroom only, or 2/- per day if occupying a Sitting Room.

BATHS.

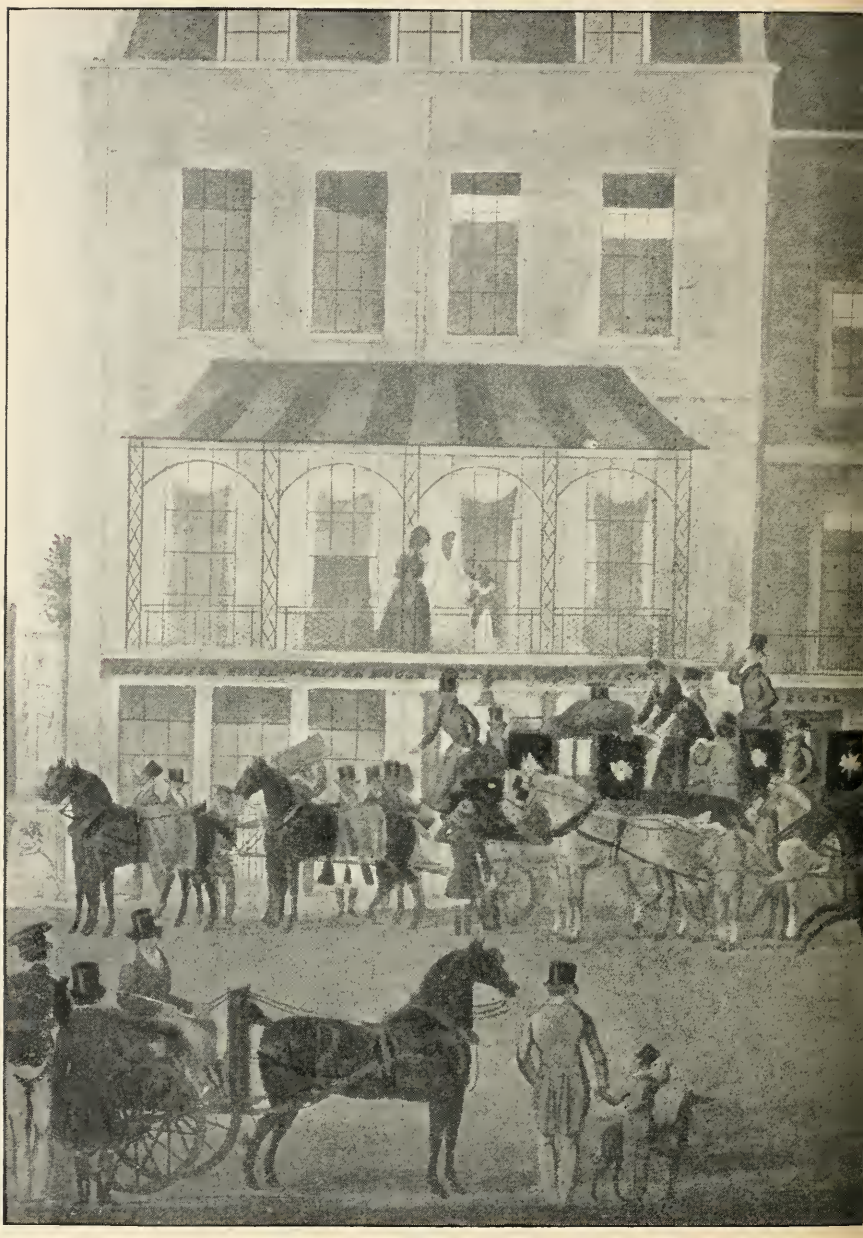
Hot or Cold Bath in Bath Room, 2/-. Hip or Sponge Bath, 6d.

NOTE.—The Hotel is excellently provided with Bath Rooms.

FIRES AND LIGHTS.

Fire in Sitting Room, 2/6 per day. Fire in Bedroom, 1/6 per day.
Fire in evening only, 1s.

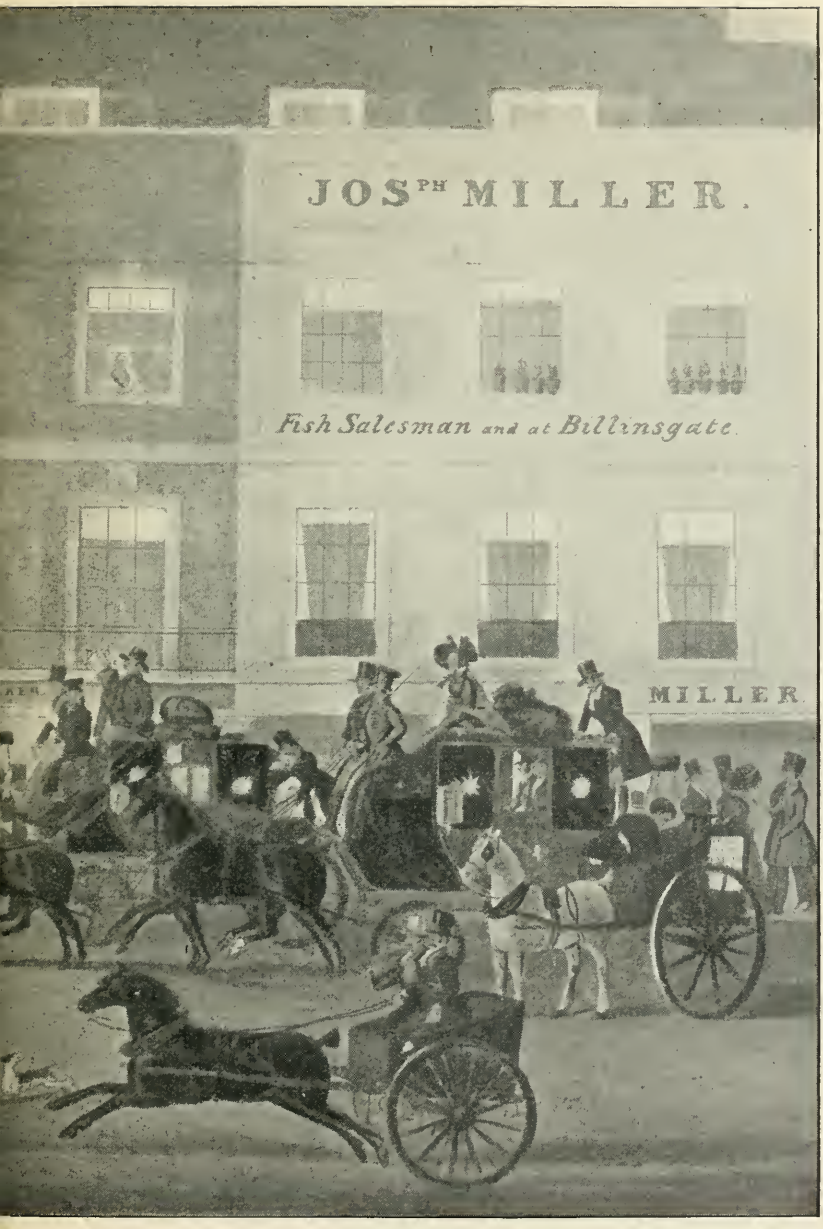
Servant's Board 5/6 per day.



Painted by James Pollard. *London: Published by Thomas McLean, 26, Haymarket*

WEST COUNTRY MAILS AT THE GI

By permission of the Publisher, Thomas McLean, Haymarket, London. "THE BERKELI



and Giraldon Bovinet, Passage Vivienne 26, à Paris. *Engraved by C. Rosenberg.*

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LIKE his good ship, which leads all others afloat, the Chief Steward of the "DEUTSCHLAND" is a representative of his guild. "We carry in season," said he to a representative of "*Leslie's Weekly*" recently, "over five hundred first class passengers, and almost as many more in the second cabin, representative people all. To provide for their wants, to suit the different temperaments of a congregation hailing from all directions of the universe, and to accomplish this in the somewhat limited space of 'a swimming hotel,' dependent, too, on such assistance as we may find within ourselves, is not an easy lesson. As a rule we have representative members of international society only. Many of these board the ship expecting similar comforts to those which they enjoy at home. Few realize the radical changes of climate, limitations of space, force, variety, etc., and yet I have never found reason to record a single complaint. Our supplies are so abundant as to provide for half as many more, and our discipline is almost military in practice. The word 'impossible' is not to be found in our vocabulary, *au contraire* '*Ich dien*' is ever our motto."

As a matter of fact, the Hamburg-American Line may justly be put at the head of Transatlantic Shipping Companies, for it runs the swiftest and most sumptuously appointed ships, and in season even standing room (to borrow a theatrical phrase) is at a premium.

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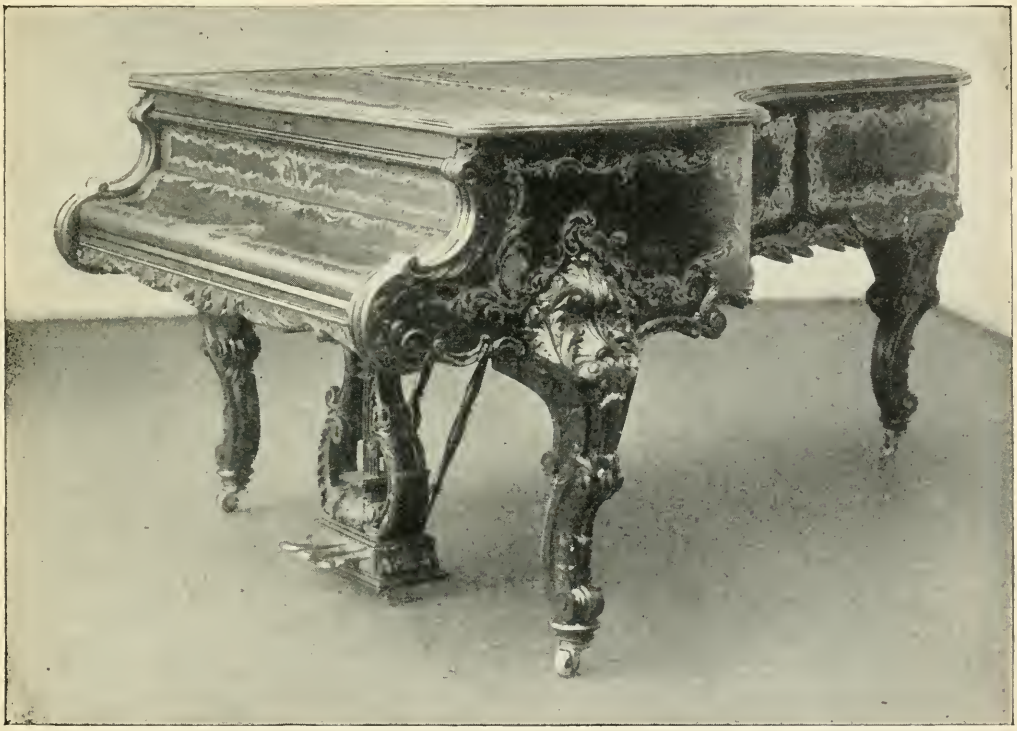
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